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The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

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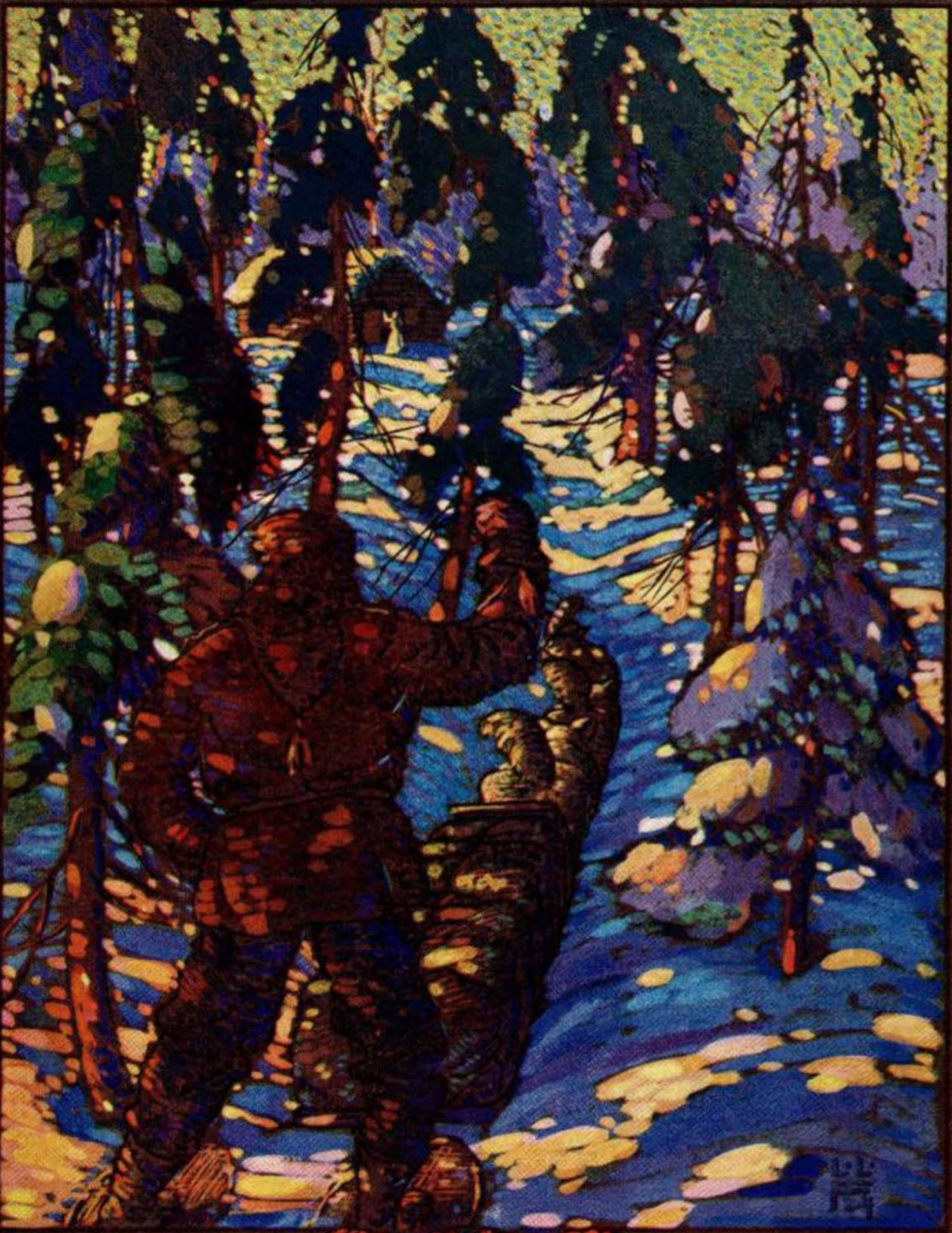

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Hudson's Bay Company
Incorporated 1670

Christmas Greetings

A HEARTY greeting and the best of good wishes to our friends, the Officials, Post Managers and Employees of the Hudson's Bay Company. Real friends we feel they are, for the relations which this company is privileged to enjoy with the Hudson's Bay Company have something more than a mere business character.

The responsibility of making ammunition for use in the far north is a great one. Cartridges for use in the north must be true and hard hitting—every one of them. There's no place for "duds."

And so, in sending you our cordial greetings at this season of the year, we feel that we have earned the right to friendship by consistently living up to Dominion's slogan: "Always Dependable."

DOMINION CARTRIDGE
COMPANY LIMITED

CANADA CEMENT BUILDING MONTREAL

The Beaver
A Journal of Progress

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Vol. V DECEMBER 1924 No. 1

The Survival of the Fittest

By S. SOUTHALL, Vancouver Store

CHRISTMAS, with its seasonal activity and turmoil, will soon be upon us. To what extent our plans and preparations for this event have been successful will soon be known, and then we shall be standing at the threshold of a new year, bringing with it another opportunity "to take a retrospect of the past and see what prospect the future holds for us."

Our past achievements, whatever they may have been, can never be recalled. They have, however, left their mark. The service we have rendered warrants us in holding the positions we have today. It has been a case of *the survival of the fittest*. When we survey the animal world, we see the stronger preying upon the weaker. In the commercial world we find the mentally strong and those most efficient crowding out the weak and incompetent; there is no room for those who cannot produce.

Let us take a mental inventory of ourselves. Have we, during the past year, given the best that was in us? Were we as punctual as we might have been? Were we conscientious in all our dealings? Were we courteous to our co-workers; courteous to our customers? Did we try to sell more? Were we one hundred percent loyal to the Company? Finally, did we try to say a kind word or do a kind act every day? If we were minus in any of these during 1924, let us try to excel in all of them during the coming year.

The Charmed Circle

By DR. JOHN MACLEAN, Winnipeg

IT is only a passing episode, lingering in the memory, of the brave days of old when the cowboys and broncho busters held full sway under the shadow of the Rocky mountains. The trail toward Slide Out, a whisky-trading post, long since disappeared, lay around a knoll. My musings were suddenly broken by the loud barking of dogs, which was a new experience on the prairie. Emerging from the bend of the trail, I was confronted by a strenuous battle for supremacy, so strange that it has never since been repeated in my presence. A band of wild cattle, twenty or more, were closely packed together, forming a complete and solid circle, with their heads outward. On the outside were a lot of vicious dogs from the camps of the Blood Indians across the Belly river. These savage brutes were snarling and barking, and the cattle were butting furiously. The dogs rushed ferociously at their adversaries, then retreated to a safe distance. It was a wonderful sight, and, curious to know the cause of the affray, I rode toward the scene. In the centre of the circle lay two small calves, bleeding at the nostrils, which apparently had been attacked in the absence of the herd, feeding beyond at a spot of luxuriant grass. Hearing their alarm, their protectors had hurried to the place and formed a fortress which could not be broken. It was a battle of instinct and nature worthy the brush of Edwin Landseer or Rosa Bonheur; but there were no artists waiting to depict the scene, and no pen to tell the story of an hour. The onslaught was renewed with desperate vigour, only to be repulsed by the defenders, tossing their horns, striking an unwary dog now and again and sending him howling to safe distance, where, with repentance, he nursed the bruised member of his body. Back and forth the battle raged with unabated zeal, and how long it would have continued I cannot tell. Fortunately for the canine aborigines, I had left my gun and revolver at home, or there would have been a gap in the ranks of the invaders and some dog meat for the buzzards, but the presence of a human being, an alien to the buffalo-skin lodges, was sufficient to deter the snarling brutes from continuing their onslaught, and to deprive them of a feast. I rode among them and, with angry snarls of revenge, they scampered off to the native camps, vowing retaliation when I should happen to wander on foot among the lodges. And several times in after days I was compelled to call a native chief or some of his friends to stand guard while I sought refuge from the dogs in a lodge.

Some of these animals had long memories, and, I know not how, but they seemed to have communicated the story of the battle and my impertinent interference to their offspring; for, with the passing years, I remained an outcast, subject to attack at any convenient time.

During the foregoing incident, after the dogs had vanished from the prairie the circle broke up unceremoniously, the defenders scanning the distance that they might be assured that the battle was really over. Badly frightened, the youngsters rose to their feet, followed by a bodyguard ever on the alert, and as I watched them marching wearily after the struggle, yet in a stately manner, I could not help reflecting, as they went over a bit of rising ground and were lost to view, on the wondrous instinct in animals for their self-protection.

When young colts are attacked by wolves on the western prairies, the horses rush to the rescue, bunch together in a circle, with their offspring within and with their hind quarters toward the besiegers, and kick incessantly till the marauders are driven off in dismay.

While unable to interpret the language of the bawl of a calf or the answer by the wild cattle, I have listened to the appeal of despair and watched the result. Riding on my favourite broncho over the wide spaces where not a hoof was to be seen anywhere, I was startled by a cry, and half a dozen calves sprang to their feet from their grassy bed nearby, where they had been dozing. From beyond a bit of rising ground there came a wild roar in response to this infant cry. In a minute the prairie was alive with cows and steers rushing at their utmost speed from all directions, tossing their heads and bellowing in a fashion that declared war, a veritable stampede of foaming flesh. Prudence immediately suggested that my absence would be wisdom, and so, putting spurs to my horse, I galloped off. On looking back I saw the herd holding a consultation, consoling the youngsters, and sending an occasional glance toward me which promised vengeance should I venture to return.

One day, when in search of a horse, I took along my eldest lad of six years, also an umbrella as an instrument of defence. Emerging from the river bottom and out upon the prairie on foot, we had gone but a short distance, when a bunch of wild cattle, a hundred or more, raised their heads in alarm. They were always accustomed to seeing men on horseback (who could ride free and unmolested among tens of thousands of these denizens of the plains), but human beings walking among them was a new and strange sight; hence the excitement and protest. Gradually they approached us, out of curiosity, but I noticed that they were forming a circle as they drew nearer. Had they succeeded, it would have been certain death for us, as they would have trampled us under their feet. Raising the umbrella, and opening and closing it rapidly, making as much noise as possible, we diverted their attention and intention and the advance ceased, while we took advantage of the change and began a retreat, walking backward and keeping up our defence till we reached the edge of the prairie and descended to the river bottom, where we were safe.

The Problem of Waste

By F. S. GARNER, Associate Editor, Vancouver Store

THE greatest problem the world has to solve today is that of *waste*. In England during the great world war, when the need of economy entered into everything, even to garbage, out of 42,000,000 garments thrown away as useless in ten months a commission was able to save £658,650 by treating them as rags; and, of the soldiers' uniforms thrown away as waste, by making them over, using the good material, they were able to turn this waste into a saving of £340,502; thus, together in ten months a saving of waste yielded upwards of £999,152.

In a book entitled "Waste in Industry," the report of a committee on elimination of waste in industry of the Federated American Engineering Societies showed a waste of fifty percent in all industries, and of this nearly twenty-five percent was attributed to labour.

Among current magazines there are eighteen varieties of widths and seventy-six different lengths. Among trade paper publications there are thirty-three varieties in widths and sixty-four in lengths. Among newspapers there are sixty-six different widths and fifty-five different lengths. These variations cost the public not less than $100,000,000 yearly. The standardization of newspaper columns to one size would make possible an annual saving of $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 in composition alone.

The necessity of saving waste is felt by the leading railroads in Canada, thus you read on a large billboard at a station not far from Vancouver, "Materials Cost Money, Don't Waste Them."

Large stores, not only in Europe but in the United States and Canada, have for years past found it necessary to employ help whose sole duty it is to save small pieces of pencil, string, waste paper, cardboard, boxes, cloth samples and other materials. This too has been most remunerative.

In an address recently given to the Electric Club by S. Southall, our merchandise manager, he stated, "There is only one percent between success and failure in business and that success depends upon the sales force." While I do not belittle the need of a capable sales force or the fact that success is only separated from failure by one percent, I do wonder what rate of percentage could be debited to waste of time.

Time is money. £1,000,000 for a minute of time was offered on one occasion, with no results. We hear of people going into stores and finding clerks so busy talking together that they haven't found time to wait on their prospective customers. Other people say they see clerks lolling around in their departments when they should be giving attention to stocks, displays, et cetera; and similar complaints are often heard in relation to porters, drivers, office people, elevator clerks and others. What a tremendous waste of money is this waste of time! *Waste* is a disease. It is contagious and should be quarantined.

On the 11th day of November, thousands of people in all parts of the world bowed their heads in front of cenotaphs at the ruthless waste of 10,000,000 lives that were lost in the great war.

As we close the old year and enter 1925, it seems to me that a fitting slogan for Hudson's Bay employees would be *the elimination of waste*—waste material, waste effort, waste time. Then the old-time greeting that has flashed from post to post during the past two-and-a-half centuries—"A Happy New Year"—will not be an empty one.

Overcoming Shipping Room Difficulties

By FRED HERBERT, Manager Delivery Department, Vancouver

"There ain't no such animal," said a fiction writer sometime ago in answer to a problem similar to the one which I am asked to solve Like the poor, shipping room difficulties will always be with us while we have delivery and while we have salespeople saying to the customers "Shall I send this?"

Preparedness is the only thing to eliminate delivery troubles.

In the case of goods bought on transfer cards, care to see that all merchandise is sent out together.

In the case of addressing, to see that addresses are correctly and plainly written.

In the case of delivery wagons, to see that all equipment is up to standard and that drivers are acquainted with their territories.

These are the foundation to work on.

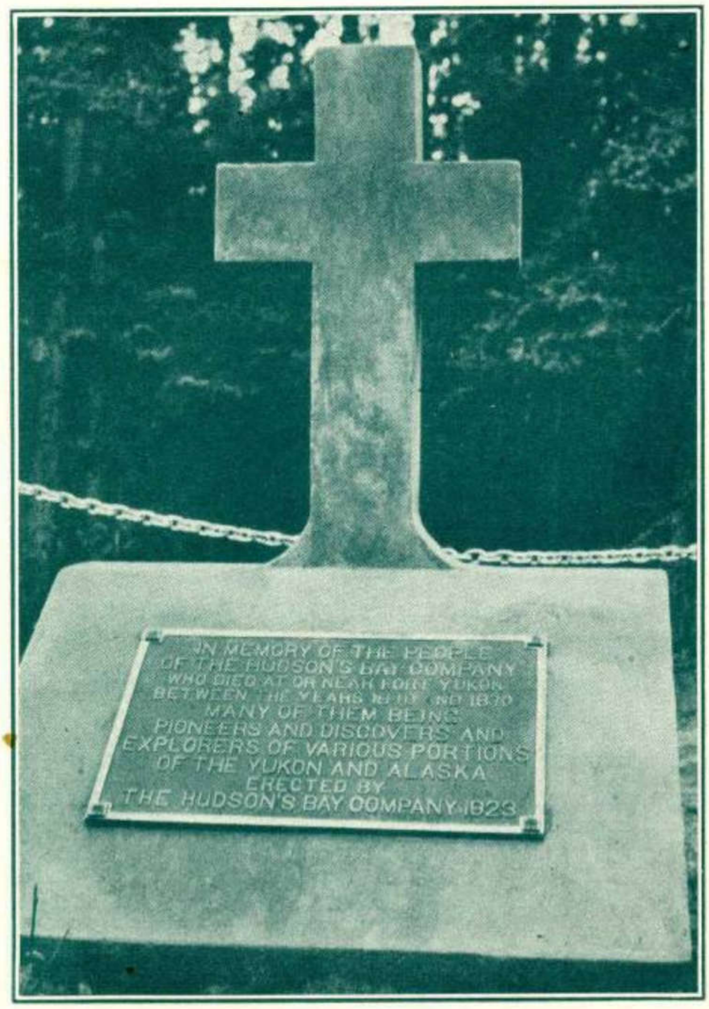
We get complaints, but in practically every instance they are due to wrong addressing by salespeople.

During the Christmas season of 1923 we delivered over 80,000 parcels and we heard of but 50 complaints. Good shipping room service is purely one of proper organization—seeing that each driver gets the parcels belonging to his territory only; seeing that deliveries are dispatched on time; that reliable men are employed to do the delivering; that the delivery equipment is in condition to carry the load expected of it.

Overcoming shipping room difficulties is a matter of having the right organization and equipment and seeing that every part works together for the common good.

Fort Yukon Memorial

THIS is a photograph of the cross and tablet recently erected by the Company on the burial ground of the Protestant Episcopal mission, now known as the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital, Fort Yukon, Alaska, in memory of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers, servants and associates who died there during the early days of the opening up of this country—pioneers, explorers and discoverers. The tablet is of bronze, thirty inches by twenty inches, on a cement base.


IN MEMORY OF THE PEOPLE
OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
WHO DIED AT OR NEAR FORT YUKON
BETWEEN THE YEARS [illegible] AND 1870
MANY OF THEM BEING
PIONEERS AND DISCOVERS AND
EXPLORERS OF VARIOUS PORTIONS
OF THE YUKON AND ALASKA
ERECTED BY
THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY 1923

Dr. Grafton Burke and Mr. A. H. Horton, of the Protestant Episcopal church, supervised the erection of this memorial, originally suggested by Mr. Hugh Kindersley, son of Sir Robert M. Kindersley, G.B.E., governor of the Company, while on his trip through the north country in 1920.

Nascopie in Hudson Bay

By J. LEDINGHAM, Chief Engineer, *S.S. Nascopie*

THE ice conditions in approaching Hudson Bay vary so much that one can never tell what to expect. Last year's ice conditions are no criterion as to what this year's are going to be. In my fifteen years' experience of Hudson Bay work, I have never seen any two years alike. One year there may perhaps be no ice, the next it is loose and scattered, then again it may be met well down the Labrador coast and packed tight. Around Cape Chidley difficulty is almost always experienced and the ship has to make long detours around the Button Islands, some twenty-two in number, off Cape Chidley, often having to go almost across to Resolution Island and work along the north shore, then back across the straits to Port Burwell. To try to get through the Grey Straits between the Buttons and Cape Chidley when it is packed with ice is simply courting disaster, as the tides are very strong and may carry the ships too close to the rocks to be comfortable.

When the ice from Davis Strait, Ungava Bay and Hudson Bay is all working out, it simply moves back and forth with the tides, unless there are strong steady winds.

Field ice is almost always to be met in the straits, sometimes loose and easy to force a passage, but often a tight jam, when progress can only be made as the tide rises and loosens the ice. On two occasions the entrance to Lake Harbour has been frozen over at ship time, when cargo had to be landed on the rocks near Beacon Island, some fifteen miles from the post.

The ship has been jammed for a week within sight of Wolstenholme, simply driving back and forth with the tides until there is a let-up some-

Ice Field, Hudson Bay, July 20, 1924

Tying up to a Growler in Hudson Bay

M.S. Fort York in Hudson Bay, south end—Full speed ahead through heavy floes

where. After passing Coats Island, the bay is generally free. Then, on the passage between Churchill and Charlton Island, ice is very frequently met between Nelson river and Cape Henrietta Maria, and often the ice extends to the Bear Islands in James Bay.

HARBOURS AND ANCHORAGES AROUND HUDSON BAY

Port Burwell may be free of ice on entering, but a few hours after it may be packed with ice. Landing cargo then is a difficult problem, boats and cargo having to be dragged over the ice. It is not a very safe anchorage at any time, as a big rock sticks up in the middle of what would otherwise be a nice harbour. The ship has to anchor very close to this rock, and one has to be always on watch to guard against the anchor dragging. Steam is always kept ready to move the ship at the slightest sign of danger. The post is situated up a little arm called Happy Valley. The Moravian mission has a station here and their own ship, the *Harmony*, calls each year. A representative of the R.C.M. police is here and acts as magistrate and customs officer. Port Burwell is on the whole a bleak and barren, desolate-looking spot.

Lake Harbour is almost at the western end of the straits on the north shore. After picking up the Eskimo pilot and his family, who are waiting at Beacon Island, we approach Lake Harbour through a narrow channel between the hills. It is about fifteen miles to the post. On the way we pass through the narrows, when one can almost touch the rocks on either side. After passing through, the inlet opens out into a fairly large sheltered harbour. Lake Harbour is about the one place one feels really safe at anchor. There is a tremendous rise and fall of the tide here—some thirty feet.

Wolstenholm harbour has a wide, open mouth and is exposed to strong winds, which come from the sea and down the valley behind the post.

It is impossible to land cargo at times when a heavy surf is breaking over the beach.

Chesterfield has absolutely no shelter, and is exposed to all winds; bare, barren, weather-beaten rocks all round; gales very frequently. Last year the motor ship *Fort Chesterfield*, with both anchors down, was steaming for almost twenty-four hours to prevent her being driven ashore, several small craft being swamped. The *Nascopie* was kept in readiness at the "stand-by" during the gale.

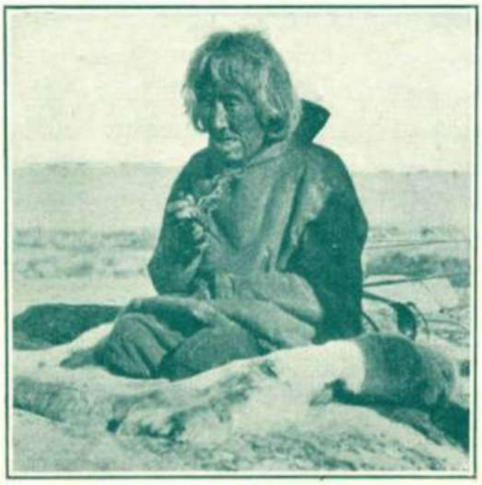
Fort Churchill is a perfect nightmare of a place for the uninitiated mariner to try to enter; a very narrow entrance, with shoal water all around. The tide races through at the rate of eight knots. The bar is a boiling mass of jumbled water and keeps a man thinking, even though he knows there is plenty of water to float the ship. One heaves a sigh of relief after crossing the bar. The anchorage space inside is very limited, as the water shoals very rapidly. Discharging cargo here, or at least getting it ashore, is none too pleasant, and the steam launch and motor boats have many a tussle to get their tow ashore. Even then it is impossible to work excepting at half tides, especially if spring tides are running.

At *Charlton Island* the ship ties up a foot or two off the little pier, which is held fast by anchors on the off side and to stakes and anchors buried in the sand on shore. One bump of the ship against this pier, and the pier has gone west. It is only a temporary erection for ship time, and is dismantled as soon as the ship leaves. A swift current runs through the sound, and happens to be worst just at the pier. The *Nascopie* some years ago was swept away from the pier, but fortunately swung safely to her anchor.

The harbours mentioned are only a few of the many places the *Nascopie* has to go to, so it can be seen that one has to be always on guard night and day watching for any untoward event which may occur, as a serious accident to the ship at any of these places might endanger the whole outfit to the posts.

* * *

A Protege of the Company



Eskimo woman at Chesterfield Inlet, said to be over one hundred years old; blind and unable to walk.

Dickens and Christmas

By GERALD WADE

Life President Dickens Fellowship, Winnipeg

YOU ask me which Christmas book I liked best as a child, and the Christmas book I like best as a "grown-up." One magic name answers both questions: "Scrooge." As a little child and as a "grown-up," for Christmas past, Christmas present, and Christmas future, my favorite book was, is and always will be the *Christmas Carol*, by Charles Dickens. Were it to be read aloud in every home in the land this Christmas, every home in the land would be better for it. In one way or another there can be little doubt of the popular supremacy of the *Christmas Carol* among our "Yule Lamps."

It was the *Christmas Carol* that discovered in Christmas the festival that we have made of it to-day—it was Dickens who made the universal good-fellowship, the wise and generous giving of Christmas fashionable. In 1843, when the carol first appeared, it was very far from being an old story. The Christmas of those days was, like other holidays of the period, a season for selfish enjoyment and relaxation, for sports and feasting; the sentiment of "good will to all men" that is now recognized as belonging peculiarly to it was not then specially its main feature. It would be difficult, indeed, at this late day to appreciate what a novelty, what a literary bombshell of a kind, the carol was when it first made its appearance. In those days, it was far indeed from erring on the side of the obvious in its descriptions. It was, in fact, from the very first a revolutionary sort of story; and because the revolution that it inaugurated has moved slowly, as it was bound to do, its effectiveness is evident in the pardonable feeling that the story itself is retelling what we already knew. We know it, indeed, simply because we learned it from the carol years ago. Through none of his books, probably, did Dickens convey so lasting an influence on his generation as through this. And even if it is over-sentimental in spots (they laid on this sort of thing with a heavy brush in the early Victorian days), the *Christmas Carol* is the classic of its kind. There is no danger that its lesson or its rich imagery will ever become antiquated or superfluous in the literature of Christmas.

The carol did more than initiate a style of literature; it gave us, besides, the Christmas of good cheer and generous fellowship that in the twentieth century sets this above and apart from all other holiday seasons of the year. Reading the *Christmas Carol* today, one is apt to exclaim quite involuntarily, "This hard-fisted, mean, bargain driving, inhuman kind of employer, that scoffs at Christmas and is nothing but a leech and a money bag, is quite out of drawing, greatly exaggerated. Even if there are such miserly, bloodless creatures in existence, at least they have to behave themselves at Christmas. And all this description of Christmas cheer and good will, this emphasis on the meaning of Christmas to the poor and the suffering, it is an old story, quite the obvious sort of thing."

Dickens wrote each of his Christmas stories with a distinct purpose. When he planned the "Chimes," he explained to Forester that he was engaged in striking a blow for the poor; he has sometimes been proclaimed the maker of our modern Christmas, but we must not forget that Sir Walter Scott, in ringing lines, has also recalled the frolic and festivity of the season.

One writer says that Dickens converted Christmas to Christianity; he sent Scrooge and Bob and Tiny Tim out into the world to carry their measure of charity and good cheer and to instill the spirit of Christmas giving; and, if we study the atmosphere of rejoicing and of charity in a Christmas carol, we find it is a happy story because it describes an abrupt and dramatic change; it is not only the story of a conversion but of a very sudden one, yes, as sudden as a conversion of a person at a Gipsy Smith or a Salvation Army meeting; and there is much about comfort in his Christmas stories. Everybody is happy because nobody is dignified; and the turkey that we read about was so fat, says Dickens, that it could never have stood upright, and that top-heavy and monstrous bird is a good symbol of the top-heavy happiness of the story.

One of the most spirited of all his Christmas short sketches is the Christmas party of the well-to-do man and his family meeting his friends; the jolly clerk, who sings and dances, and makes speech after speech; the festive meal, the toasts, the "moral" of it all—a better understanding between man and man, a closer relationship, and the casting down of the barriers of class and convention; no matter what form the story took, human brotherliness was the teaching. "I have always thought of Christmas time," said one of his characters, "as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time."

Dickens says himself about his Christmas stories: "My chief purpose was to awaken some loving and forbearing thoughts, never out of season in a Christmas land."

Dickens' first Christmas sketch was among the "Boz" papers of 1836; his last will be found in the chapters of the unfinished Edwin Drood of 1870; so we may say from first to last that as an author his thoughts were on the subject.

The zest with which he had written of Christmas in his early days was reproduced by his personal enthusiasm in celebrating the day. There are many records of Christmas as it was spent at Devonshire Terrace and Gad's Hill. He certainly practised what he preached in making it a time of equal enjoyment for all his household. His family, his neighbours, his friends and his servants, all shared alike in the revels and participated in the feast.

Courtesy

By ARABUS

Be not niggardly of what costs thee nothing, as courtesy.—Poor Richard.

SOMEWHERE I read that, to make motorists more conversant with the traffic laws, one of the states across the line had adopted the novel idea that all those who were caught breaking such laws would not only be fined or jailed as the case might be but would also be required to write out in their best handwriting all the traffic laws and by-laws of that particular state. It has just dawned on me that the editor had possibly this idea in mind when he suggested that I write a few lines on "Courtesy" for *The Beaver* Christmas number, although I cannot recall ever having been discourteous to the editor. No, sir! As a matter of fact, I have been *courtesy personified* in all my dealings with that office. One simply has to be. And so to my task.

On looking up my dictionary, I find the following: "Courtesy, noun: urbanity; complaisance; act of kindness or civility."

I would go further, however, and add that graciousness, consideration, sympathy and affability are all necessary component parts of real courtesy. Courtesy is the one medium of exchange that is always accepted at par by the people of every country. It radiates a spirit of good feeling and suggests that we are not working entirely for the material returns of work, but also for the friendly human associations.

Acts of true courtesy are never premeditated. They are as natural as breathing and the inherent part of every fine character. They are the bases upon which such a one performs all other acts. Nor is true courtesy at all out of place in business relations. It is, perhaps, more necessary there than elsewhere, for in business friction is greater and there is need of a lubricant. Aside from more pleasant associations, courtesy, defined as interest in the welfare of others, is a part of business service. It is the thing that causes one business man to render to another more than he is paid for doing.

Courtesy, of course, can be overdone, as in the case of the Chinese editor who, when returning contributions, enclosed a rejection slip which read as follows: "We have read your manuscript with infinite delight. Never before have we revelled in such a masterpiece. If we printed it, the authorities would take it for a model and henceforth would never permit anything inferior to it. As it would be impossible to find its equal in 10,000 years, we are compelled, though shaken with sorrow, to return your divine manuscript, and for so doing we beg 10,000 pardons."

Henry J. Allen, a former governor of Kansas, sums up all there is to be said about courtesy in the following: "Courtesy recalls the customer and invites a new one; discourtesy drives away those you have and keeps away others. Wisdom is always courteous; discourtesy is the earmark of stupidity. Discourtesy is no mark of superiority. Your real aristocrat is the most courteous to those whom fate has placed in lesser walks of life than those he treads; thus we have a paradox which is a great truth—a real democrat is the only real aristocrat. We all like money, but there is not one of us that does not know there are things more precious than money. One's self-respect is one of them. The discourteous man insults the self-respect of others and makes enemies of them, while he is making a fool of himself. Pride goeth before a fall and courtesy precedes friendship. Courtesy is the mantle of love; the ornament of charity; kingliness in manhood and the crown of womanhood."

◆

W. M. McLean

After twenty-seven and a half years' service with the Company, W. M. McLean has resigned to go into business on the Pacific coast on his own account.

Mr. McLean possesses the Company's silver medal and two clasps for loyal and faithful service. He is well known throughout the Company's stores from Winnipeg to Victoria, and his sterling qualities and genial disposition have made his departure the occasion of sincere regret by all with whom his duties have brought him in contact.

W. M. McLean

As a lad of thirteen years, he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver, filling the position of junior stenographer. Steadily working ahead, he was promoted to be secretary to the manager at that point. Later he became assistant manager for both wholesale and retail departments, also credit manager for the wholesale.

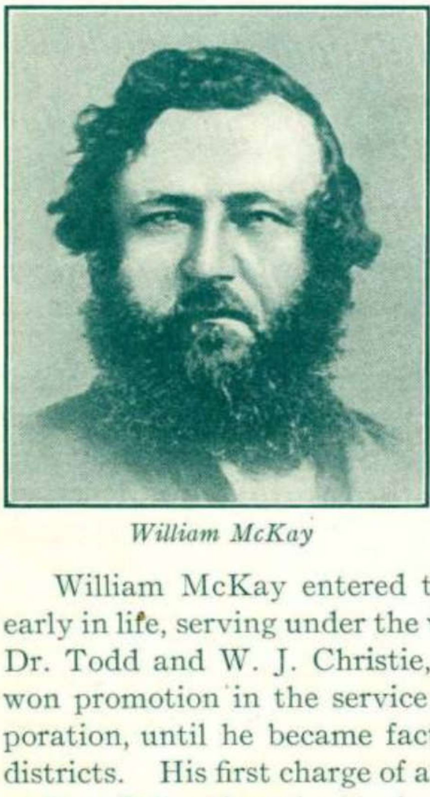
In 1913 he became manager of the Vancouver wholesale, and in 1916 held the position of office manager and secretary to the stores commissioner, Mr. H. E. Burbidge. In 1921, when the assistant stores commissioners' offices were removed to Winnipeg, Mr. McLean was transferred to that city in the capacity of stores secretary. After the closing of the stores administration offices, he was assigned to special work which has since terminated.

W. M. McLean carries with him in his new field of enterprise the well-wishes of his many friends in the service.

H.B.C. Pioneers

No. 5—William McKay

LONG before this western country was part of Canada, and while it was under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company as a separate colony of Great Britain under the name of Rupert's Land, there was born on the 22nd of March, 1819, either at Beaver Creek trading post on the Assiniboine river or at Brandon House near the present city of Brandon, William McKay, the subject of this sketch. His parents, John Richards McKay and wife Harriet Ballenden, were of Hudson's Bay Company families, the former being the son of John McKay, who entered the service of the Company about 1790 and was for many years in charge of Brandon House and died in the service of the Company, and the latter being a sister of the John Ballenden who was in charge of Fort Garry in 1854, and whose interesting letter to his daughters about to return from England appears in *The Women of Red River*, by W. J. Healey, of Winnipeg.


William McKay

William McKay entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company early in life, serving under the well-known veteran officers of the Company, Dr. Todd and W. J. Christie, and by his industry and ability gradually won promotion in the service of this staid and conservative trading corporation, until he became factor in charge of one of its most important districts. His first charge of any consequence was that of the trading shop at Fort Pelly, then the headquarters of the Swan River district. He was subsequently put in charge of the Touchwood Hills trading post, and in due time became officer in charge of Fort Ellice, situated on the Assiniboine river about two miles below its confluence with the Qu'Appelle. In his time and that of his father, Fort Ellice was a very important trading post.

In his *Company of Adventurers* Isaac Cowie writes:

"In 1833 Mr. Hughes yielded the charge of Fort Ellice to John Richards McKay, post master, under whom the trade was extended greatly among so many tribes as to require the services of interpreters speaking seven different languages. The remnant of the Mandans came to it at peril of their lives, and it was resorted to by natives from a wide tract of country quite regardless of the international boundary, with no posts nearer than Portage la Prairie on the east, Fort Pelly on the north, and Carlton House on the northwest, and none on British territory to the west."

Mr. McKay was continuously in charge of this fort from some time prior to 1859 until 1870, when in this latter year he moved to Fort Pelly, the headquarters of the district, having succeeded Chief Factor Robert Campbell as the officer in charge of the Swan River district. In the spring of 1871, however, he transferred the headquarters to Fort Ellice, where he remained until 1872, when he moved to Fort Pitt on the North Saskatchewan river, and was succeeded by his old and intimate friend, the late Chief Factor Archibald McDonald, of Fort Qu'Appelle.

Fort Ellice was one of the places the Sioux Indians first visited, and they traded for many years. They were hereditary enemies of the Crees and Saulteaux, whose hunting grounds extended in all directions from immediately around Fort Ellice. On their first visit to this fort, some of their young braves, through some misunderstanding, killed a young Saulteaux, and but for Mr. McKay's timely intervention, this regrettable event might have caused a serious outbreak among the Indians. Owing to the wisdom and tact with which Mr. McKay dealt with these "Tigers of the Plains," as they were called on account of their warlike propensities, they caused little further trouble among other Indians.

The late Isaac Cowie, who for many years was an officer in the Swan River district, in *The Company of Adventurers*, writes of him as follows:

"William McKay, if not born at Fort Ellice, had been brought up there in the great days when half of the whole business of trading in the famous Swan River district was done under his father, the John Richards McKay before mentioned. 'Billy,' as the Indians who had known him from boyhood fondly called him, had inherited the popularity of his father, with his tact and talent as a trader, but the fiery blood of his dashing father had been tempered by that of a gentle mother of the old Hudson's Bay family of Ballenden. Struck by his character and conduct, a British nobleman, who had penetrated these distant wilds for buffalo hunting, described him as one of nature's gentlemen, in which opinion all who knew him concurred. Ever with devotion to his duty to the Company, he was just and kind to the Indians, into whose affairs he brought the sympathy of knowledge, while his well-known courage prevented their attempting to impose upon him. He was the model of what a really good Indian trader should be."

Among the Sioux he was known by the name of *Wah-hann-ah*, and by Crees and Salteaux *Maak-quy-yan-naise*, both signifying "The Bearskin."

In 1872 Mr. McKay was moved to Fort Pitt, which was then one of the most important Indian centres. While relieving the late Senator Hardisty, he died at Edmonton on Christmas Eve, 1882.

He left surviving him his widow, Mary Cook, to whom he was married on November 5th, 1846, two daughters and eight sons.

From a Fur Trader's Vocabulary

By WEYMONTACHINGUE

Interpreter—A guy who listens to what you say and then tells the other fellow what he thinks about it.

Indian—A fellow who has about three parts of the Old Adam and possibly one part aboriginal in his veins.

A mile—A term used to cover any distance. (You may depend on its being a *distance*).

Gasoline engine—An invention intended to develop the muscles of the arm by cranking.

A portage—Something to climb over or wade through.

Gasoline—A kind of oil often found to contain water.

Well—Something that dries up in summer and freezes in winter.

Net—Something you pull out of the water to wash. At times fish are said to be found in it.

Post manager—A man who should be able to do everything, but just does what he can.

The Company—Beats Charlie's Aunt—254 years and still running.

Static—An island on which is built part of New York. Many languages are spoken there and the babel of tongues constantly interferes with radio programmes.

Quebec—A province of Canada noted for its cures. Many visitors from the U.S.A. come to Quebec to partake of its *mineral waters*.

C.N.R.—A government owned railway in Canada. A summer may easily be spent travelling on one of its lines.

Trial Balance—A form of amusement for post managers during the long winter evenings.

A bier—A wooden container in which the dead are buried. In some provinces a beer is often used to bury old grievances and promote better fellowship.

Calgary—A city in the west which used to be known for its oil companies and remittance men. Severe thirst and great starvation used to prevail whenever the mail was late.

New Year Resolutions

By GEO. R. RAY, Moose Factory

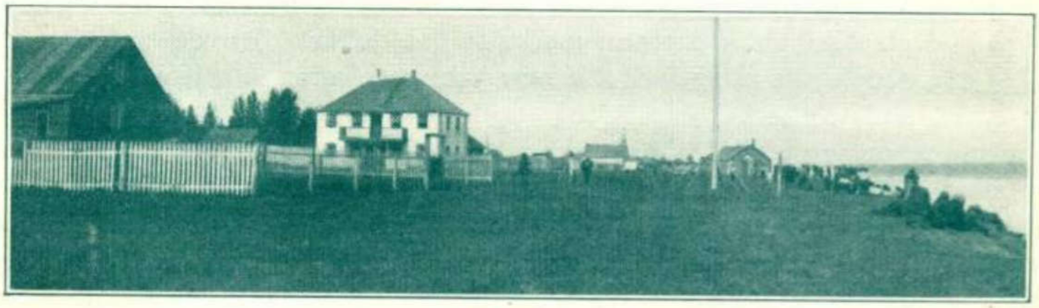
THE new year will soon be here, when good resolutions are more plentiful than German marks to the dollar. To the majority of people the adoption of a new year resolution is a fashion, a fad, a craze, and to them failure brings nothing of disappointment, no heartburnings, no regrets; they are amused at their own downfall. But there remain many others who are honest in their determination for reformation, a bigger understanding, a broader vision, a higher moral code, who commence the year bravely enough with boundless confidence in their ability to cross the gulf 'twixt them and success. But they have not travelled far along the road of their new endeavour before they begin to meet with difficulties: their path is strewn with obstacles which appear horribly insurmountable; there are signs of impending disaster, and misgivings assail them. They weaken in their determination, and soon they are vanquished and overthrown. Their belief in themselves is ended and they are deeply humiliated over their failure. From the height of a great aspiration, they fall back into the rut of the old, the dull, the commonplace, and wait and sigh till another new year repeats the tragic story.

But what is there in the first day of the year to call out all these great aspirations, the noblest moods that God grants to men? What mystic influence does this day alone possess to inspire our ambitious souls to take on a higher resolve? Why do even the worst of mankind on this especial day experience an overwhelming impulse for good when they are not overburdened with scruples during the 364 days which follow? Why are our sensibilities never keener, the latent good within us never more urgent or its influence never greater, than on January first.

A year is merely a period adopted by various nations as a measure of time, and so is a minute, an hour, a day, a week, a month for that matter. Every moment is big with tragedy for us. Every moment brings us all that much closer to our end; and God alone knows how close that may be. Therefore, what terrific risks we take when we dally with time!

Let us no longer be content to follow the herd. If we have already made our attempt and failed, let us no longer shelve it till the advent of another new year, but brace ourselves for further and greater efforts, gird our loins and set to with the indomitable energy of Hannibal scaling the Alps. We may fail again and again, but if we keep on trying, like the historic spider, we will surely see the achievement of our desires.

The Old Library of Fort Simpson



Fort Simpson

THE books of the old library of Fort Simpson were recently packed and shipped to the Company's head office at Winnipeg, and these are now being carefully gone over, sorted out and catalogued for future reference, making one more relic of the past saved from the discard. Agnes Deans Cameron, in her book, *The New North*, gives a delightful description of her visit to the old fort and of her adventure among these old books "broken-backed and disembowelled" as she saw them for a few brief minutes on her journey through the north. For the benefit of *The Beaver* readers we have taken the liberty of making the following extracts from Agnes Deans Cameron's work:

"In a rambling building, forming the back of a hollow square, we come across the mouldy remains of a once splendid museum of natural history, the life work of one Captain Bell, of the old Company. It gives us a sorry feeling to look at these specimens, now dropping their glass eyes and exposing their cotton-batting vitals to the careless onlooker, while the skeleton ribs of that canoe with which Dr. Richardson made history so long ago add their share to the general desolation. In a journal of the vintage of 1842 we read an appeal for natural history exhibits sent to Fort Simpson by an official of the British Museum. He writes:

" 'I may observe that, in addition to the specimens asked for, any mice, bats, shrew-mice, moles, lizards, snakes or other small quadrupeds or reptiles would be acceptable. They may either be skinned or placed in rum or strong spirits of any kind, a cut being first made in the side of the body to admit the spirits to the intestines.'

"Of all the rare humour disclosed in the old records, this entry most tickles my fancy.

"When we try to get a picture of one of these Hudson's Bay men gravely opening a shrew-mouse, mole, or 'other small quadruped,' while his chum pours in the *aqua vitae* or precious conversation water, we declare that science asks too much.

"An outer stairway leading to the second storey of a big building invites us. Opening the door, we find ourselves in the midst of an old library, and moth and rust, too, here corrupt. We close the door softly behind us and try to realize what it meant to bring a library from England to Fort Simpson a generation ago. First, there arose the desire in the mind of some man for something beyond dried meat and bales of fur. He had to persuade the authorities in England to send out the books. Leather covered books cost something six or seven decades ago, and the London shareholders liked better to get money than to spend it. We see the precious volumes finally coming across the Atlantic in wooden sailing-ships to Hudson Bay, follow them on the long portages, watch them shoot rapids and make journeys by winter dog-sled, to reach Simpson at last on the backs of men. Was never a circulating library like this one. And now the old books, broken-backed and disembowelled, lie under foot, and none so poor to do them reverence.

"It is but a few years since the founder of this library died, and his son now sits in his saddle at Fort Simpson. If you were to wander across the court, as I did today, and look into the sales shop, you would see the presentation sword of this last-generation Carnegie ignobly slicing bacon for an Indian customer. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

"What are the books which this sub-arctic library sent out? We get down on the floor and gently touch the historic old things. Here is a first edition of *The Spectator*, and next it a *Life of Garrick*, with copies of *Virgil*, and all *Voltaire* and *Corneille* in the original. A set of *Shakespeare* with exquisite line drawings by Howard shows signs of hard reading, and so does the *Apology for the Life of Mr. Colly Cibber*. One wonders how a man embedded in Fort Simpson, as a fly in amber, would ever think of sending to the Grand Pays for *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, yet we find it here cheek by jowl with *The Philosophy of Living* or the *Way to Enjoy Life and Its Comforts*. *The Annual Register of History, Politics and Literature* of the year 1764 looks plummy, but we have to forego it. The lengthy titles of the books of this vintage, as for instance, *Death-Bed Triumphs of Eminent Christians, Exemplifying the Power of Religion in a Dying Hour*, bring to mind the small boy's definition of porridge—'fillin', but not satisfyin'."

"But the book that most tempts our cupidity is *Memoirs of Miss A......n, Who Was Educated for a Nun, with Many Interesting Particulars*. We want that book. We lift the volume up, and put it down again, and we hunger to steal it. Jekyll struggles with Hyde. At last the Shorter Catechism and the Westminster Confession of Faith triumph; we put it down and softly close the door behind us. And ever since we have regretted our Presbyterian training."

Christmas, York Factory

By R. M. BALLANTYNE, in *Hudson Bay*

THE sound of a fiddle struck upon our ears and reminded us that our guests, who had been invited to the ball, were ready; so, emptying our glasses, we left the dining room and adjourned to the hall.

Here a scene of the oddest description presented itself. The room was lit up by means of a number of tallow candles stuck in tin sconces round the walls. On benches and chairs sat the Orkneymen and Canadian half-breeds of the establishment in their Sunday jackets and *capotes*; while here and there the dark visage of an Indian peered out from among the white ones. But round the stove—which had been removed to one side to leave space for the dancers—the strangest group was collected. Squatting down on the floor in every ungraceful attitude imaginable, sat about a dozen Indian women, dressed in printed calico gowns, the chief peculiarity of which was the immense size of the balloon-shaped sleeves and the extreme scantiness, both in length and width, of the skirts. Coloured handkerchiefs covered their heads, and ornamented moccasins decorated their feet; besides which each one wore a blanket in the form of a shawl, which they put off before standing up to dance. They were chatting and talking to each other with great volubility, occasionally casting a glance behind them where at least half a dozen infants stood bolt upright in their tight-laced cradles. On a chair in a corner near the stove, sat a young, good-looking Indian with a fiddle of his own making beside him. This was our Paganini; and beside him sat an Indian boy with a kettle-drum, on which he tapped occasionally, as if anxious that the ball should begin.

All this flashed upon our eyes; but we had not much time to contemplate it, as, the moment we entered, the women simultaneously rose and, coming modestly forward to Mr. Wilson, who was the senior of the party, saluted him one after another. I had been told that this was a custom of the *ladies* on Christmas day, and was consequently not quite unprepared to go through the ordeal. But when I looked at the superhuman ugliness of some of the old ones—when I gazed at the immense and, in some cases toothless, chasms that were pressed to my senior's lips, and that gradually, like a hideous nightmare, approached toward me; and when I reflected that these same mouths might have, in former days, demolished a few children—my courage forsook me and I entertained for a moment the idea of bolting. The doctor seemed to labour under the same disinclination with myself; for when they advanced to him he refused to bend his head, and, being upwards of six feet high, they of course were obliged to pass him. They looked, however, so much disappointed at this, and withal so very modest, that I really felt for them and prepared to submit to my fate with the best grace possible. A horrible old hag advanced towards me, the perfect embodiment of a nightmare, with a fearful grin on her countenance. I shut my eyes. Suddenly a bright idea flashed across my mind; I stooped down, with apparent good will, to salute her; but, just as our lips were about to meet, I slightly jerked up my head and she kissed my *chin*. Oh, happy thought! They were all quite satisfied, and attributed the accident, no doubt, to their own clumsiness or to mine!

This ceremony over, we chose partners, the fiddle struck up, and the ball began. Scotch reels were the only dances known by the majority of the guests, so we confined ourselves entirely to them.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock, our two tables were put together and spread with several towels, thus forming a pretty respectable supper-table, which would have been perfect had not one part been three inches higher than the other. On it were placed a huge dish of cold venison and a monstrous iron kettle of tea. This, with sugar, bread and a lump of salt butter, completed the entertainment to which the Indians sat down. They enjoyed it very much—at least, so I judged from the rapid manner in which the viands disappeared and the incessant chattering and giggling. After all were satisfied, the guests departed in a state of great happiness; particularly the ladies, who tied up the remnants of their supper in their handkerchiefs and carried them away.

Fall Opening in Paris

The first Monday in August is one of the busiest and most important days of the whole year. It is important not only to Paris but to women all over the world, for this is the day when the exhibition collection of models takes place, upon which fall and winter fashions in dresses, furs, et cetera, are based.

At the end of June an air of mystery descends upon the foremost ateliers. Mannequins no longer strut about. They are at the disposal of the dress modellers, each one of whom works in a locked room. Each modeller is responsible for so many designs. A collection consists of at least thirty models. The modellers do not dictate: they suggest.

The modeller works in the first place upon the creative brains of a number of industries upon which the designing of styles in Paris depends. Before these styles are shown, the modeller must pick out his material, and these are kept for his use exclusively. This is the wonderful system by which Paris preserves its start in novelties in apparel.

If a Canadian buyer sees a dress which attracts her, perhaps it has been shown for three days and many have seen it; sketches have possibly been taken of it; every little detail has been noted; but the buyer can step in with every confidence and know that she will be the first with it in Canada, for with the model she buys the references. By the references I mean where every item of the model can be purchased in quantity. The buyer then alone has access to the store where the items can be purchased.

Sometimes there is great trouble when ideas leak out of the modelling room: this explaining the air of mystery to which I have already referred. When the collection of models is all ready, the manager has to get names for each creation. Quite a lot depends on this name, as it is by this name that the design is discussed, and in that name achieves fame or the reverse. When "Show Day" comes, there is great excitement. Men servants with fancy jackets and plush pants carry round cake, wine and other refreshments. The mannequins, after being lay figures, come to life once more, get all dolled up, and strut about again, proud as peacocks.

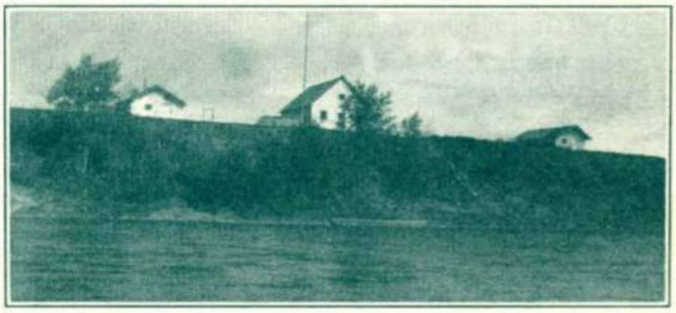
British Columbia Posts

No. 9—Liard Post

By C. H. FRENCH, British Columbia District

ESTABLISHED by Silvester in 1872 and purchased by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1876. Situated on Liard river at junction with Dease river, two and one-half miles from Yukon boundary line, it is British Columbia district's most northerly post. It is 162 miles from McDames creek, or 337 miles from Telegraph creek, and gets three mails each year.

The population is composed of mixed natives from Liard and Francis lake, 83; Nelson river, 119; Lower Liard, 83; and whites, 10.



Liard Post

BRITISH COLUMBIA TRANSPORTATION SURVEY

As with most districts, the rapid development of our country and consequent reaching out of railroads has vastly changed transportation routes and methods of handling goods during the last twenty years. The great factor to this end in British Columbia was the Grand Trunk railroad. Canoes, scows, river steamers, and pack trains are gradually being set aside, until the matter of freighting is becoming only a small part of Hudson's Bay Company officials' worries.

This branch of the service contained romance, beautiful and pathetic, which we hope will some day be permanently recorded by competent parties. The route between the lower Columbia river and Rocky mountains, Fraser, Stuart, Nechaco, Peace, Parsnip, and Crooked rivers, witnessed stirring times. The northern rivers, such as Skeena, Yukon, Porcupine, Dease, and Liard, are each capable of supplying sufficient material to gladden the heart of any writer.

Then there is the pack train origination, which in different sections was of vastly different character. From about 1810 until 1870, a large horse ranch was maintained at Kamloops, from which great strings of horses started out each spring to transport supplies to New Caledonia district. They were handled by Indians. The equipment was in keeping with their drivers in general make-up, and the shouting and noise could be heard miles away. For hundreds of miles the horses were driven through bog and timber practically without roads or trails, and, most of them having sore backs, they took the entire summer to make the round trip. The reverse of this was shown in a train of seventy mules operating between Hazelton and Babine. These mules were well equipped, rolling fat at all times, and quietly handled by expert Mexican packers, and every eight days you could set your watch by their arrival at Babine, in spite of their packing from three hundred to four hundred pounds weight each. Today we have only one pack train operating. Railways or motor trucks have replaced all other trains.

River Transport, B.C.

Canoes and scows are still used on some rivers, the only difference being that they are partly propelled by out-board motors instead of only paddles. Of course, the crews used are natives, who, when going up stream, must use poles and track lines just as was done in earlier times. The carrying capacity of boats used is about 3000 pounds. They are manned by three men and one out-board motor. The real value of the motor is when coming down stream or crossing lakes.

Pack trains travel at an average of twelve miles per day. The season is about five months. The load for one animal averages three hundred pounds, made up in two equal packs so as to balance one on each side. Aparajoes are still used, and the load is lashed securely.

In the Cassiar the pack train operates from June to August 20th; then it is engaged with big game hunters until October 1st, when the animals are turned out to graze until stabling and feeding is necessary.

◆

The following letter, with enclosure, was recently received by London Head Office:

Belleville, Ontario

Dear Sir—I am sending you the enclosed sum, $500.00, for an old debt I owed your Company some years ago when I was in business out West. Will you please let either the manager of the Calgary or Winnipeg fur department have the receipt put in the magazine that the Company has in Winnipeg and oblige. I remain yours truly,

AN OLD CANADIAN.

5x100.00 Bank of Montreal bills.

Robert Burns

(25th January, 1759—21st July, 1796)

By QUIS SEPARABIT

ROBERT Burns, a son of William Burness, or Burnes, a nursery gardener and small farmer, was born about two miles from the town of Ayr in the neighbourhood of the Brig o' Doon and "Alloway's auld haunted kirk." When he was about four days old, a storm blew in the gable of the "auld clay biggin," and Rabbie and his mother were carried in the dark morning to a neighbour's house, in which they remained till their own home was put in repair. Burns referred to the incident in after life, thus

A blast o' Janwar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The object of this paper is to deal with Burns the genius, as it is in this respect only that his name is dear to thousands throughout the generations.

Burns received only the peasant education of his day, to which he later added French and mathematics; and, being fond of reading, he greatly improved himself. Love's young dream inspired his first poem, "Handsome Nell." Burns thus describes the event: "You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of the harvest. In my fifteenth summer, my partner was a bewitching creature a year younger than myself." After describing the thrills of love-sick youth, he proceeds: "My girl sang a song which was said to be composed by a country laird's son, and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he. . . . Thus with me began love and poetry."

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
  Baith decent and genteel,
And then there's something in her gait
  Gars ony dress look weel.

"I composed it," says Burns, "in a wild enthusiasm of passion, and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts, my blood sallies at the remembrance." 'Twas ever thus.

The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

In 1786 Burns was badly in need of funds to take him to Jamaica, and, on the advice of a friend, he published his Kilmarnock edition of poems.

Of the six hundred copies, three hundred and fifty were privately subscribed while the work was in the press, and the remainder disposed of three months after publication. The success of this edition and the interest taken in Burns eventually decided him to give up the idea of going abroad, much to the enrichment of British literature.

Tam o' Shanter, that wonderful combination of humour, pathos and sound moralizing, does not appear in the Kilmarnock edition. With this notable exception, practically all the best of his poems, as distinct from his songs, are included in this edition. Most of his work was done with whirlwind speed, and seldom altered; yet, as will be seen by *The Banks o' Doon*, he could go back and revise it with most exacting care. *Tam o' Shanter* was written in less than a day. His wife caught him in the act of composing it, "crooning to himsel' " in one of his inspired moments. Burns considered it the masterpiece of his poems.

Burns is unique in that his writings embrace every human emotion. *Comin' Thro' the Rye*; *Of a' the Airts the Wind Can Blaw*; *John Anderson, My Jo, John*; *Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon*; *Duncan Gray*; *Contented wi' Little and Cantie wi' Mair*; *Auld Lang Syne*; *Scots Wha Hae*; *A Man's a Man for a' That*—who is not acquainted with these, and many more? When Burns used the Scottish tongue, he was unapproachable. It was only when writing in literary English that he was less happy. There are, of course, exceptions in a field so widely covered, the most notable being *The Cotter's Saturday Night* and *To Mary in Heaven*.

The chief factor in the present-day popularity of Burns is his very human side. Those who speak lightly of his love making lose sight of the probability that we might never have heard of Burns if he had gone to the other extreme or been just normal. Burns's love was not limited to Handsome Nell or his anxiety to provide "brose and brats o' duddies for his wife an' twa wee laddies," but was wide enough to include the birds and beasts, as will be seen by four of his poems: *To a Mouse, A Winter's Night, The Auld Farmer's Salutation to His Auld Mare, Maggie*; *The Wounded Hare*.

No one was more aware of his weaknesses than Burns himself, and he has left us many warnings about "buying life's joys o'er dear," in addition to an early death, just 37. When all details of his life have been exhausted, we generally are agreed on one point: that in Robert Burns we have one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, song writers of all time. Jessie Lewars, sister of a brother exciseman, attended him in his last illness; Mrs. Burns also being laid aside at that time.

We encounter Robert Burns everywhere—we cannot get away: for wherever Britishers meet to form new friendships and to renew old ones can be heard *Auld Lang Syne* either preceding or immediately after the national anthem when the company breaks up. This one song, if all his others were unwritten or forgotten, that would be sufficient to keep his memory green.

The Greate

By ROBE

Manlike, we have responded to the call.
Perhaps we have not tasted all,
For some of the hectic draughts of life we have not longed to touch.
Not that we've been afraid of them: not that!
But, so far as living goes, they count not much.
We've sipped the brimming measure.
Travelled! I fancy so; with speed the boast!
Seized and cavorted by the thrall.
Found gold! Aye, and spent it!
Then fought for more.
Been the good fellow—played both guest and host—
All with a child's desire to watch the wheels
As they forever turn.
Adventure! That, too!
The mountain peaks that pierce the very dome of heaven;
Snowshoes on the frozen barren lands;
The hell-heat and the night-cries of the tropics;
Out on the ocean—
Glorious as the bosom of a woman aflutter with emotion—
Held in the shimmering tangle-net for long enough to know the game.
Even Fame;
That siren jade in gaudy draperies
Who smiles, and lures with irresistible seduction
Those upon whom her sister, Wealth, makes vain appeals.
Madly we seek this creature of bewitchment;
Catch up with her at last and clutch her garments,
To find, as others have,
That all that is of her are floating veils,
A laugh upon the wind, the strum of a guitar;
While, through the scented haze,
She whom we seek still beckons from afar;

st of These

WATSON

Then, by-and-bye,
Empty, with the hollow-ache after a sigh
Of a mother at the loss of her first-born.
But now we know
That all that counts
Of this weird shadow dance and tawdry tinsel show
Is that lone virtue which we smother up within ourselves,
Ashamed to own it, as a father the babe he dares not name.
Love!
On earth, in hades and in heaven above,
There is nought else of any moment.
Love—of what? It matters not.
A good woman! Aye, or for one who may not be so good.
Love—that brings the children running with welcome cry;
Love for the mongrel cur upon the roadway,
If merely that he may enjoy the glow that emanates
As we go by.
Love for a brother man,
Fated as we to grope along a path he did not choose,
Uncertain whence he travelled, where he may go;
Hoping his upward course may be less arduous than the way he came;
Yet fearful as he mounts.
Love for that comrade worse equipped than we
To glimpse the vision of Eternity.
A helping hand, a word of cheer, a smile upon the way,
The long-remembered touch of fellow sympathy;
The life-work of the faultless Nazarene.
Love—upon which both earth and heaven depend:
Love—the Eternal Fount:
All else, the wormwood and the gall:
Love! Love is all.

Fort Edmonton in 1854

(*A Self-Contained Little Colony*)

By J. PREST, Associate Editor, Edmonton

IT has just been my pleasure to look through the original old diary of the fort written in 1854 to 1856. This diary is in the possession of Frank D. Wilson, an ex-officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, who was stationed at Fort Edmonton in later years.

Often as many as two hundred men were quartered within the stockades, employed in various capacities—carpenters, boat builders, blacksmiths, traders, clerks, boatmen, packers, trappers, fishermen, hunters—not to speak of the wives and families of the married men.

The colony was practically self-supporting at that time, the nearest point of civilization being Eastern Canada, and even Winnipeg (Fort Garry as it was then known) was nothing more than a fur trading post.

Most of the supplies for trading with the Indians were shipped from London by the Company's ships to York Factory on Hudson Bay and there unloaded into York boats for transporting along the devious waterways to Lake Winnipeg and thence up the Saskatchewan to Fort Edmonton. The precious freight was then again unloaded and distributed to the other trading posts in the district tributary to Fort Edmonton. The season's catch of furs was also taken back on York boats along the same route to Hudson Bay, where it was loaded for London.

Life at Fort Edmonton in 1854 could not have been exactly monotonous; all the men had their allotted tasks to perform, as had also even the women, as may be gathered from the following extracts taken from the fort's original diary in 1854 to 1856.

Nov. 1st, 1854—This day given to those who are of the Roman Catholic religion (on account of All Saints' Day). The blacksmith employed cleaning pipes and stoves. A band of Crees arrived yesterday; a few of those that are known as being good hunters have received debt.

Nov. 15th, 1854—The men at their various occupations. Alexis and Galarneau, Abraham and James Richards arrived with eleven loaded horses of fish from Lake St. Annes.

Nov. 21st, 1854—James Ward, son of the horse keeper, arrived this day. He reports that two horses have been killed by the wolves.

Nov. 26th, 1854—A party of Assiniboines arrived this evening consisting of thirty. They have come principally on a trade. It is to be hoped that they will be outfitted tomorrow, so that they may start immediately to their hunting grounds.

Dec. 3rd, 1854—Thomas Cameron and Jacque Cardinalle arrived this day. They bring the melancholy news that there are no buffalo near the Rocky Mountain House; they have come to the conclusion that a large war party of Crees have driven all the buffalo away by their setting the plains on fire. We have had the pleasure of seeing the river fast this morning; in fact so strong that Cameron crossed his horses safely.

Jan. 22nd, 1855—The women employed in making printed cotton shirts for the trade with Blackfeet during the summer.

Jan. 29th, 1855—The meat men arrived with thirty-six trains loaded with fresh buffalo meat.

Feb. 5th, 1855—The freemen traded a few rats and a grey bear. The bear is the largest that has ever been seen here, for when killed it took a horse and four men to drag it out of its hole.

Sept. 29th, 1855—This afternoon the Peigan Indians took their departure, having traded nine horses and some meat. Previous to their department a compact of peace was agreed upon between them and the Crees, when each went through the usual ceremony of smoking the "calumet." It is to be hoped this may continue long.

Oct. 15th, 1855—The wife of Antoine Godin delivered of a boy last night.

Oct. 25th, 1855—This afternoon Mr. John and party arrived home bringing the carcasses of twenty buffalo, which they report to be numerous towards the Battle river. They met with a party of Crees, who dogged the Peigan Indians who were here lately towards the Rocky Mountain House and ran away with some of their horses.

Nov. 26th, 1855—Cloudy weather; wind south, blowing a strong breeze. The blacksmith making boat irons. Flett and Geo. Hodgson building a boat. Boyrgard making sled trams. Olivier, Gallarneau, Munro and St. Amour preparing the couples for the store. Five men with oxen brought some logs from the Pine Hammock. Calder and Short weather boarding the sawing shed. Graham and Dumais thrashing the wheat. Two men sawing, Raymond hauling cordwood. Fishermen, cooks and cattle keeper as usual. This evening Chief Maskeepitoon and party arrived; says they had narrow escape of being burnt by the fire which raged through the plains; two of their number, an old wife and child, perished in the conflagration, together with two horses, some dogs and a quantity of dried provisions.

March 27th, 1856—Married by the Rev. Mr. Lacombe, James Richards, one of the Company's servants, to the widow of Antoine Auger. The evening was spent with great hilarity.

May 8th, 1856—No change in the weather. This morning seven more boats were dispatched towards Fort Pitt on their way to the coast. A large party of the Fort Pitt Crees arrived. John Cunningham arrived from Lake St. Annes; brought three martens, seven minks, 1300 musquash, two lynx, three beaver, one wolf and two buffalo robes, being the first proceeds of that establishment.

Just
$80-for this
Four-Tube Remarkable
RADIOLA

Westinghouse and the Radio Corporation of America have done it. They have succeeded in producing what the public has been waiting for—a new kind of radio set.

Improvements for long distance receiving, selectivity, simplicity and perfect tone make this Radiola a real achievement. And the price shows what can be accomplished by the largest and best equipped laboratories in the world.

Thousands of homes want to start with a small expenditure and still get distance reception and clear melodious tone right from the start.

The Radiola IIIA makes it possible. Sold by dealers or write for a fully illustrated booklet.

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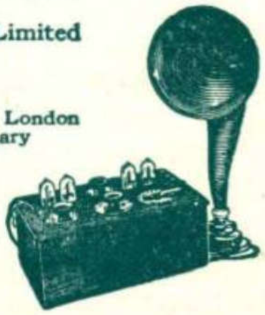

Radiola IIIA
Range up to 1500 miles. Improved selectivity. Minimum radiation.

Westinghouse

S.S. Nascopie, Ardrossan, Scotland,
October 25th, 1924.

Mr. G. A. Wendt,
Canadian Westinghouse Co. Limited,
Montreal.

Dear Mr. Wendt—I feel I must write and let you know how the three-valve set installed in my room gave us such excellent concerts. Whilst in the Hudson Bay, we heard the speeches *of President Coolidge, Mr. Davis and General Dawes far more distinctly* than the audience where the speeches were made. I cannot say more than it gave delightful satisfaction. The assistant district manager at Moose Factory was so delighted with it that he pressed us to let him have the set, which I did. I gave the short wave set good trials, and it was left at Ponds'. With best wishes, yours truly.

(Signed) THOS. F. SMELLIE.

News from Stores, Posts and Branches

Associate editors, special correspondents and readers! We go to press February 18th, May 18th, August 18th and November 18th. "The Beaver" requires stories, articles, verse, news briefs, photographs. The more we get, the better the standard of our magazine articles will be. You enjoy "The Beaver": don't have someone else do all the contributing. Do your share in the common good.—Editor.

Vancouver

D. DALE TELLS OF BUYING TRIP IN GREAT BRITAIN

The Empire exhibition at Wembley has been the greatest advertising medium Canada ever had. It is impossible to estimate its worth, but the fact remains that wherever you go people are talking Canada, and British Columbia and Vancouver especially.

The exhibit was wonderful—a marvellous and profoundly impressive revelation of the resources of this great country—dealing alike with its wonderful wheat fields, mining possibilities, forests, industries, and depicting it as a sportsman's paradise as well as a land of opportunity for the young adventurer.

Mr. Dale, buyer of men's and boys' furnishings, left Vancouver on August 5th last on an extended purchasing trip for the Company's stores, visiting en route the Company's establishments in Nelson, Kamloops, Vernon, Calgary, Winnipeg and Montreal. Arriving in Quebec on August 22nd, he sailed on the *S.S. Montroyal* for Liverpool, arriving there on August 29th.

He proceeded to London and made the Company's offices his base of operations.

He found conditions somewhat different from what they were a year ago. There were no surpluses of goods anywhere—manufacturers were just making up things as they were ordered, thus relieving their tied-up capital and working with as little capital as possible. Factories were all busy, though some manufacturers were finding it difficult to get raw materials, and fine yarns are very scarce.

In spite of the fact that prices are considerably higher in some lines than they were a year ago, he was able to fill his requisitions, and at very advantageous prices.

During his stay in Great Britain he made extensive purchases of hosiery and underwear in Leicester and Nottingham; shirts and pyjamas in Manchester; linen underwear and handkerchiefs in Ireland; cardigans, golf hose, fancy hose and travelling rugs in Scotland; hats, caps, neckwear, sports clothing and novelty furnishings in London; French knit neckwear in Paris; boys' Man-o'-War suits in Plymouth; clothing in Leeds.

Sports clothes for men displayed in the shop windows of the London stores were decidedly along novelty lines, fancy cardigans, golf hose, and neckwear being especially colourful.

Strikingly different was the headwear of London from that of Scotland. In and around London men's popular headwear is soft felt, whereas in Scotland a soft hat is a rarity, the predominating style being hard felt.

SAMUEL SOUTHALL SUCCEEDS B. M. CLARK

S. Southall is a native of Birmingham, England, and was practically born in the dry goods trade; his father having been a dry goods merchant in Birmingham, and his uncle having been a member of the firm of Southall & Barclay, the well-known manufacturing chemists.

At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to the dry goods business in Stratford-on-

Avon, and, lured by the wonderful prospects in America, he came to New York in 1907. Since that time he has held responsible positions with Brown & Hamilton, Newcastle, Pa.; McCurdy & Co., Rochester, N.Y.; Kohn Furchgott Co., Jacksonville, Fla.; Sanger Bros., Dallas, Texas; Bon Marche, Seattle, Wash.

—

W. H. SHARPE RETURNS FROM EUROPE

Full of enthusiasm over his purchases, full of optimism for the future of Vancouver and Canada in general, Mr. Sharpe returned from his buying trip in Europe fully convinced that it pays to buy abroad. "Only one market in the world," he says, "that's the London market. Market quotations are like sterling—they simply cannot be beaten.

"I found conditions much better than I expected," he said. "There is not a single carpet weaver out of employment, and the mills were going full time. In some cases manufacturers reported looms standing idle for lack of experienced weavers. They have, however, been busy producing some very new and attractive lines, which will make their appearance in Canada early in the new year.

"The linoleum manufacturers are still very busy.

"The oriental rug market is in a very disturbed condition. The recent raids of the Russians in the Caucasian districts have made such rugs as Kazacs, Cabistans and Shervans very scarce, and prices in many cases are about double those of a year ago. On the other hand, the districts that manufacture the finer grades of Persian rugs, such as Kernanshahs, are now in a much more settled condition, and I was able to obtain some wonderful rugs, better than I have ever seen before.

"Of course, no visit to England in the year 1924 would be complete without some reference to the Empire exhibition at Wembley. I heard much favourable comment on the industrial exhibits in the Canadian building, and much surprise that Canada could produce anything beside wheat and apples. The furniture, carpets, cloth and other textiles compared very favourably with anything in the entire exhibition, and in the trade had caused quite a favourable impression both as to quality of workmanship and design.

"The night before I left for Canada, Miss Florence O'Grady, of Winnipeg, and myself were the guests of The Beaver club to a dance. The Beaver club is a Hudson's Bay institution, and the members certainly worked just as hard at the dance as during business hours. It was appropriate that the event should have been held in the Bridge House hotel right in the heart of London. The evening began at 7 p.m. and among the many people present was Mr. A. H. Doe, who was a visitor to the Company's stores in Canada recently. There is little difference in the manner of dancing in England from what we enjoy here. Guests were in evening attire; many beautiful dresses were worn, and a spirit of cordiality pervaded.

—

Mr. H. T. Lockyer, in his absence, was unanimously elected president of the Vancouver branch of the Royal Society of St. George at their annual business meeting held October 17th. Mr. Lockyer succeeds Captain C. W. Whittaker to this important position.

Peggie Peebles has been transferred from the mail order department to the general office.

Mr. Grantham, recently the "Blue Bird" demonstrator, has been appointed manager of the new electrical section.

Mrs. G. Henry, of the hairdressing department, is away on three weeks' vacation.

Mr. Harrison, former floor manager, has been promoted to manager of the fur department.

Miss Dexter, Mrs. Conn and Miss Wilson are new in the ready-to-wear section.

P. Topham has been transferred to the shoe department of the Hudson's Bay Company at Vernon, B.C.

Mrs. Vass, Butterick demonstrator, has left the pattern section after six weeks' stay.

We are glad to welcome back Mrs. Armstrong, of the general office, who has been absent for three or four months, due to illness.

Miss Gosling and Miss Williams are the latest additions to the pattern department.

S. Davis has severed his connection with the store to take up a position with W. H. Malkin & Company. His place will be filled by R. Easton.

Mrs. Cook, recently of the ready-to-wear section, has been transferred to the fur section.

The shoe section wish to announce that the shoe sale of last month was a record one.

A. Cameron, who has been away for the past two months, is back with us again.

S. Southall, merchandise manager, was confined to his home for a few days, but we are glad to see him back again.

Our deep sympathy is extended to J. Saunders, who recently was bereaved by the death of his wife.

A number of juvenile members of the store are taking full advantage of these fine fall days for hiking, their favourite playground being the North Shore and Grouse Mountain.

Ed. Williams, our well-known athlete, is now head salesman in the sporting goods department.

Mr. H. T. Lockyer, general manager of the B.C. stores, has just recently returned from Victoria and the interior, where he has been on a tour of inspection.

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Returning from abroad, W. J. McLaughlin, our dress goods buyer, says: "During my three months' purchasing tour of the British Isles and the continent, in which all the important cities were visited in order to complete my purchases, I feel that my trip was most successful. Purchasing as I did direct from the mills, an unusually comprehensive range of the very newest weaves in plain and novelty fabrics was secured. Fabrics exclusive as to style and colour, and values incomparable!

"Owing chiefly to the Australian wool shortage, wool goods have advanced from fifteen to twenty-five percent, a condition, I am informed by wool experts, which will remain for a period of at least three years.

"Linen goods have advanced from fifteen to twenty percent. The shortage in flax resulting from an unusually wet summer and the tremendous demand by the United States accounts for this condition.

"All silk, silk and cotton, and pure cotton materials are practically the same as last year.

"I was exceptionally pleased to hear Canada so highly spoken of abroad. Visiting the Wembley exhibition, I was indeed gratified to find that the Canadian exhibit was considered by many to be superior to all others."

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PERSEVERANCE HAS ITS REWARD

One of our sales clerks in the suit department of the Hudson's Bay store here had a rather difficult customer to handle who was enquiring for a coat. After trying on quite a number of coats, the customer remained undecided as to a choice. Eventually, however, the sales clerk, being determined to sell her a coat, directed her to a fitting room. The coat, which required a slight alteration, was tried on and the customer was rather pleased with it. But the sales clerk did not wish her customer to see herself with the coat on before the suggested change was put partly into effect. She said, "Don't look into the mirror until I get a razor," the idea being to improve the appearance of the fit of the coat. To her amazement, the customer turned white, and in terms of horror said, "Heavens! Don't get a razor; I'll take the coat."

—

THEY SAY

That an apple a day
Will keep the doctor away;
But an onion a day
Will keep everybody away.

Victoria

The members of the Victoria staff extend to members of all other branches the heartiest good wishes for a merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous new year.

SUMMER END PICNIC AT CRAIGFLOWER

Late September is still summer time in Victoria, which accounts for the delightful picnic held at Craigflower farm on a Wednesday afternoon towards the end of that month.

With over two hundred employees and their friends in attendance, a lively programme of sports commenced at three o'clock, including races and other events for old and young. At the close of the afternoon, Mrs. Watson presented the winners of the various events with prizes, after which the picnickers partook of an excellent repast, delicious tea, coffee, ice cream and soft drinks being provided by the firm.

The proceedings concluded with a dance in the old farmhouse, various members of the party providing the necessary music.

MR. WATSON HOST TO STORE ATHLETES

On Thursday evening, October 16th, A. J. Watson was host at a complimentary dinner given in the Victorian restaurant to the members of the association's cricket and football teams.

After a most enjoyable repast, Mr. Watson reviewed the activities of the past season, complimenting the individual members of the cricket team upon having made such a creditable showing.

In recognition of having won the batting average of 22 runs, E. Verral, vice-captain of the team, was the recipient of a bat, the personal presentation of Mr. Watson. A cricket ball, with a suitable shield attached, was presented by A. Booth to H. Harrison, who won the bowlers' average, taking 33 wickets with an average of 12 runs per wicket. A. E. Haines, an indefatigable member of both the cricket and football teams, was the recipient of a smoker's set, presented to him by P. Shrimpton in recognition of his very sterling qualities as an all-round sportsman. The seat of honour was given to P. Shrimpton, who was not only the captain of the cricket team but for two years has captained the football team. The chairman referred to Mr. Shrimpton in complimentary terms.

Mr. Watson laid stress on the importance of every man physically able taking up some line of sport. He found in his experience of life that a good sportsman was a good workman and always proved a useful member of society. He was particularly pleased to find so large a number of employees good sportsmen.

The remainder of the evening was spent in a most enjoyable manner at the Capitol theatre.

Among those present were: A. J. Watson, president; J. S. Horne, first vice-president; W. T. Edgecombe, second vice-president; T. Wilkinson, secretary; P. Shrimpton, E. Verrall, A. E. Haines, J. A. Davidson, R. Eaton, W. T. Parke, H. Harrison, G. Wharfe, H. Sewell, T. Obee, W. Longworth, N. Redman, C. Ellis, A. Booth, A. Lindner, E. Mason, C. Pillar, M. Woodley, L. Woodley, A. Gardner, S. McKay, R. Hawkes, A. Neith, F. Richardson, H. Heathfield, T. Toobey, A. E. Brain.

ASSOCIATION DANCES ARE SUCCESSES

The monthly dances held in the Alexandra hall under the auspices of the social branch of the employees' association are proving successful beyond expectations.

The first dance of the season held on October 7th was attended by over three hundred employees and their friends.

On the next occasion, held November 4th, over four hundred attended, and from a social as well as a financial standpoint it proved a great success.

If what we hear is anywhere near the truth, the proposed dance on New Year's Eve is to be something quite out of the ordinary.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Hallowe'en ghosts and goblins put in a good deal of overtime this year, for it was on the evening following Hallowe'en that a large party of strangely clad figures paid a surprise visit to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sprat. Whether it was quite so much a surprise as was intended seemed rather doubtful, because the house was appropriately decorated with screeching cats, evil-looking witches on broomsticks, and the inevitable pumpkin faces. No doubt the surprises were more in the nature of the weird and wonderful costumes worn by the thirty or more visitors, among whom were noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Davidson, Wollard, Hibberd, Groves, Rimes, Soares, F. Grant, Gill, Smyth, Wm. Grant, Gilson, Captain and Mrs. Gosse, and Misses A. G. McLaren and M. Grimason.

—

It is with deep regret we record the passing away of W. H. Tasker, one-time member of the Victoria store staff and past treasurer of the employees' association. To Mrs. Tasker, also one-time member of our staff, we extend our heartfelt sympathy in her sad bereavement.

Kamloops

We extend to all other branches in Hudson's Bay Company's service, our heartiest wishes for a merry Christmas and prosperous new year.

Mr. H. T. Lockyer, general manager of B.C. stores, and Mr. Gant arrived at our branch on October 31st, staying for two days. Mr. Lockyer addressed a meeting of departmental managers.

We are pleased to welcome D. Moulder to our branch from Winnipeg.

We regret exceedingly H. Nixon's illness and hope that before long we shall see him back with us once again.

A certain young lady came in one morning with two lovely black eyes and informed the staff of motor car accident.

Since the girls started playing basket ball they have discovered in it the best cures for all aches and pains.

H.B.C
Banks Studio

KAMLOOPS GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

The names from left to right are: Back row—James McCormick, coach; T. B. Calderhead, manager; S. Cozens, secretary. Centre row—M. E. Nixon, I. R. Barraclough, A. Pattinson (captain), R. Miller, D. M. Moulder. Front row—A. Dougans and J. Dougans.

Nelson

A. Clark, of the grocery department, has returned from the Old Country, where he has been on leave for the summer months. He visited Kinross, Edinburgh, Glasgow and many other cities and spent some time at Wembley. On his return Mr. Clark was accompanied by his sister, who intends to spend the next six months enjoying the "Glorious Kootenay." On his return to Nelson, Mr. Clark was presented with the Company's medal for fifteen years' loyal service.

John Towler, manager of the grocery department, has had another bar added to his medal, making twenty years' continuous service in the Nelson store.

M. Scanlan made a charming hostess when she entertained the girls of the staff at a tea and musicale at her brother's home, 914 Stanley street, just previous to announcing her departure to Vancouver. Miss Scanlan has been a devoted employee of the Nelson store for the past eight years as saleslady in the ladies' ready-to-wear department. She was presented with a leather club bag by Mr. King on behalf of the staff.

R. Little, of Lethbridge, will fill the position made vacant by Miss Scanlan's departure.

H. T. Lockyer, general manager of British Columbia stores, and H. P. Gant visited our store in October, staying for two days.

Miss Leslie is back in the china department after having served for eight months on the dry goods staff.

M. Potosky, of the dry goods department, spent Thanksgiving at the home of her parents at South Slocan.

T. Lawrence, of Rotterdam, has joined the staff. We welcome him and hope that he will like our western winter. Mr. Lawrence has had experience in London, Paris, and Berlin, and is quite a linguist. Some of the young ladies are already taking lessons in foreign tongues.

The dry goods department has a new member in the person of A. G. Reid, of Moncton, N.B.

G. Bladworth spent a week hunting at the hunters' haven, Kootenay Flat, returning with a boatload of ducks.

M. H. Callaghan spent a busy week in Vancouver at the latter end of September buying for her department.

Many of the staff visited the Dukhobor colony at Brilliant on November 2nd to witness the funeral of the Dukhobor leader, Peter Verigin, who was instantly killed in the Kettle Valley explosion at Farron. Words cannot describe the splendour as one looked down from the hillside over the Columbia Valley, which was lined with 7000 Dukhobors. Gay coloured head shawls adorned the heads of all the women and children. The men bore banners in English and Russian script, and the children carried wreaths and sheaves, chanting as they went, following the body in procession for three miles to a resting place in the tomb which they had hewn from a rocky bluff overlooking the valley. It was a mere glance into an old Russian country scene.

Yorkton

Toyland is up to the *Bay's* high standard, and a successful season is expected from this section.

The fall fashion show created a lively interest this season and the results were quite satisfactory.

During September H. N. Louth (manager), E. Fleck (ladies' wear), H. T. Glover (gents' furnishings), and N. S. McMillan (dry goods) were business visitors to Winnipeg.

Mrs. L. J. Sperry and Mrs. Falconer, of the Winnipeg store, spent several days here in connection with the fall fashion show. Their wide experience and genial personalities were certainly a large factor in the success of this event.

V. H. Cutting, grocery buyer, resigned after five and a half years' service.

Mrs. B. McPhee has resigned her position.

We welcome G. C. Rivers, who has taken over the grocery department.

Edmonton

FOUR EMPLOYEES OF EDMONTON STORE HAVE THE FOUR COMPLETE VOLUMES OF THE BEAVER

There are just four employees of the store who are the proud possessors of the four complete volumes of *The Beaver*. When bound in their green and gold covers the books make an acquisition to any collection. Lamentations and regrets are heard from scores who did not have the foresight to save their back copies, the first of which was published in October, 1920, and contained full accounts of the great 250th anniversary celebration at the various stores in Canada.

It is indeed interesting to pick up volume one and recall some of the happenings which probably would be forgotten otherwise. Names which were familiar even in our own local store in those times are but a faint memory today; and many lesser lights would be entirely forgotten were it not for our *Beaver* volumes which contain the monthly happenings since October, 1920.

Apart from the social activities, sports, *et cetera*, at the various stores and trading posts, much valuable historic and educational matter can be obtained by reading *The Beaver*, and it is regrettable that the magazine is only to be published quarterly instead of monthly from now on. Let us send out a questionnaire to Hudson's Bay employees—store, land and fur departments—to find out how many still have the initial number, October 1920, in their possession, or better still, how many have the four complete volumes.—*J. Prest.*

(*This suggestion of Mr. Prest's is a good one. Would all The Beaver readers who have the four years' issues complete in their possession kindly send in their names to the editor for publication in a list in a later issue of our magazine.—Editor.*)

—

THE HARVEST SALE

Extensive preparations were made for this important event weeks in advance. The sale started with a rush on Saturday, November 1st, and from the time the store opened at nine o'clock until six, throngs of people filled the aisles on every floor, gradually increasing as closing time drew nearer.

The day was cold and stormy with snow falling, but, instead of retarding business, it proved to be a blessing in disguise, as we finished up with the biggest day's business in the history of the store.

This is very gratifying, and will no doubt act as a spur to still greater achievements in the days to come. The shipping room employees who were responsible for the gigantic task of delivering the mountainous piles of packages to customers' homes when roads were almost impassable are deserving of great credit, especially when it was reported that every parcel was out and delivered the same day as order was received.

—

SHOWER TO MISS M. WHITE

Miss Ivy Harvey and Mrs. H. Ness gave a shower at the home of the latter for Miss M. White, who is shortly to be married. The gifts were brought in a large clothes hamper decorated with blue and white. Ada and Alice Crockett delighted the party with several songs suitable for the occasion.

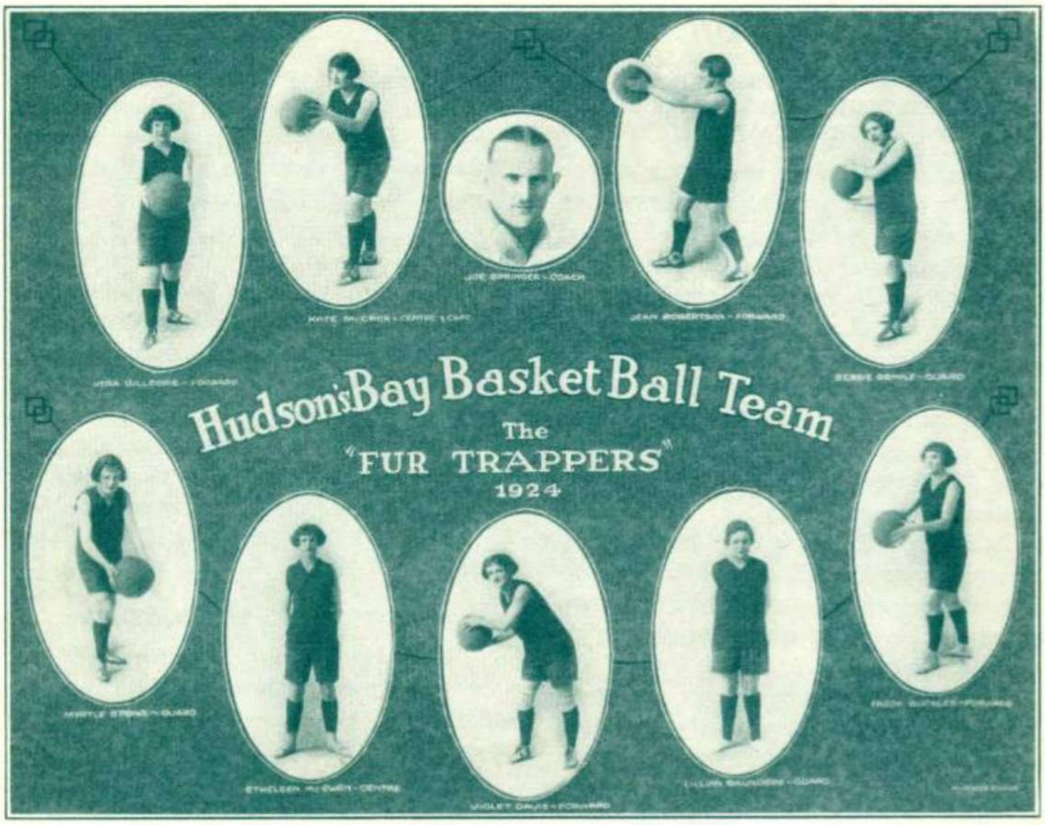
Those present from the store were: Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Macklin, Mrs. McHardie, Mrs. Stocking, Mrs. Hughes; Misses Mamie and Cissie White, Hays, Reid, Kirkwood, Sheppard, Fletcher, Dixon, Jackson, Whitton, Cowan, Barrie, Griffin, Watch, Mumford, Wem, Ada Crockett, Alice Crockett, Miss Bowen, Amy Bowen, Miller, Roach, Mayall, Loftus, Mercier, Harvey and Ness.

—

LADIES' BASKET BALL TEAM LOSE IN THE FINAL

The summer session of basket ball in Edmonton has come to a conclusion with a very successful season for the Bay team.

Although the "Fur-trappers," as the team is known all over the province, did not bring home the cup for the championship of the city, they certainly gave the all-star aggregation of hoop tossers that represented the Morris School the battle of their lives before being downed 16 to 9. It can be said here that the "Trappers" are the best one-hundred-percent mercantile team in the province, losing the title of



champions to the pick of the rest of Edmonton; which is no disgrace.

The store girls during the season played twenty games, having won sixteen of these games while losing only four. During that time they scored three hundred and forty-six points, an average of a little over seventeen points a game, while the opposition found the hoop for a total of one hundred and fifty-seven points, an average of a little over seven points a game.

Besides being very much in the running for the championship of the mercantile league in Edmonton and also the provincial championship in the province, they lay claim to the championship of the Hudson's Bay Company stores in the Dominion of Canada, and at present have not had a whisper from any of the other stores.

Those players that carried the brunt of the work during the season were as follows: Vera Gillespie, Jean Robertson, Kate Macrae (captain), Myrtle Stong, Bessie Semple, Violet Davis, Freda Buckles, Dorothy Bryant, Etheleen McEwen.

The team was managed by Jack Prest, the advertising manager. The coaching was taken care of by Joe Springer.

The Fur-trappers also have a "baby" team, which represented the store at Lamont when the regulars could not get away, but they upheld the green and gold group beating the out-of-towners, 16 to 6.

—

COULD YOU IMAGINE—

Kate Macrae, stenographer in the advertising department, has left us to take up a position elsewhere in the city.

Maude Patrick has assumed the duties in the advertising department. This young lady is also a basket-ball star of no mean ability.

We are pleased to see both Misses La Belle and Lee, who were victims of automobile accidents, once more in their accustomed places in the store

Miss Alice Hare, of the office staff, has left us after four years' service to take up another position in the city.

Congratulations are in order to Mildred Sheppard, of the office staff.

Lethbridge

The store is looking very bright and cheerful since the interior has been entirely redecorated. A new lighting system has also been installed which has increased the light given by about forty percent.

The opening dance of the season of the H.B.A.A. was held on the evening of October 14th. About one hundred ladies and gentlemen were present. The hall was beautifully decorated. Dancing continued until two o'clock. Refreshments were served at midnight by the ladies' committee; Miss G. Thomas sang, and Miss Thomas gave an impersonation of a Frenchman.

Miss Reeves, of the ready-to-wear department, who has been about six years in the Lethbridge store, left recently to reside in Vancouver. The staff made a presentation to her, expressing very much regret at her departure.

Miss Pelkey, also a staff member, has left to live with her parents in Cranbrook.

Mr. Ogden made a hurried trip east for special merchandise for the November sale, and was successful in bringing home some real values for several departments.

Miss Gibson, formerly of the Calgary store, has arrived to make her home in Lethbridge, and is in charge of the hosiery and glove section. We all welcome Miss Gibson.

Miss Thomas, after visiting Toronto, Montreal, New York and Chicago, has returned with a variety of smart fall goods.

Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Young have also recently joined the permanent staff.

—

The Lethbridge Rotary Club is about to put on its annual minstrel show and, as three members of the store staff are assisting, it will no doubt be the "Seal of Quality" brand, and also, as usual, a great success.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN

If Miss Wilson bobbed her hair?

If Miss G. Thomas weighed one hundred pounds?

If Mr. Young got excited?

If W. Thomson bought a new alpaca coat?

If Miss Shearer spoke English?

If J. E. Thompson marcelled what was left?

If Mr. Upton lost his voice?

If Mr. Mundy found it?

If the editor published Mr. Young's story?

If all the foregoing knew which young lady had written these lines?

—

OVERHEARD IN THE STORE

Lady at trimming counter to Miss S. —"Have you a neck-piece?"

Miss S.—"What fur?"

Lady—"Fur me neck, av course."

—

The Lethbridge staff desires to wish all readers of *The Beaver* a very merry Christmas and health and prosperity during the three hundred and sixty-five days of the coming year, 1925.

Saskatoon

The employees of the Saskatoon store wish to extend their heartiest holiday greetings to the officials of the Company, and to the employees of the other H.B.C. stores.

On Saturday, November 15th, Santa Claus, in all his old-time splendour, visited the Saskatoon store and was as joyously greeted by the kiddies as on former occasions. Toytown is nicely decorated and Santa entertains from four o'clock until five every day.

The strike of the printers of the Saskatoon *Daily Star and Phoenix* accounted for the suspended publication and the result of several days poor business. Owing to the foresight of our energetic advertising manager, J. P. McNichol, we had a publication of our Saturday's advertisement which practically covered the city and brought in our usual Saturday business.

Mr. Moore, of Winnipeg, is in charge of the extensive alterations in the basement, and is also installing a new lighting system. The grocery department has undergone a number of improvements in the last two weeks which will enable the employees to give even better service to the public.

Our manager, Mr. C. H. Fair, returned on November 15th from a two-weeks trip and was joyfully greeted by the entire staff.

Mr. Faulkner, manager of the men's clothing department, returned a few weeks ago from a two-months trip abroad. He brought back some smart lines of merchandise and added a stock of business ideas to his lengthy list.

Mr. Harrison is now in charge of the furniture and drapery departments, which have undergone a complete reformation in the last two months.

Mrs. Colthard is again in charge of the art needlework section and is keeping up her old record of good service.

The dressmaking department is steadily progressing under the able management of Mrs. Bentley.

We welcome the following newcomers: Mrs. Dingwall, Mr. Watson, Mr. Keen, Mr. Bentley, Miss Gorman in charge of the corset department, and Miss Conley in charge of the ready-to-wear.

—

Editor *The Beaver*, Winnipeg.

Dear Sir—Through *The Beaver*, Mrs. J. A. Thomas wishes to thank Mr. Fair, manager of Saskatoon H.B.C. store, also his staff, for the kindness and friendship they showed to her while in St. Paul's Hospital, where she underwent a severe operation. With everybody's good wishes, her health has recovered and she is now home at Ile a la Crosse post. Yours sincerely, (signed) J. A. THOMAS, manager.

◆

What has happened to the associate editors at Calgary and Vernon? No news from these points this time.

Winnipeg

Retail

H.B.C. CHRISTMAS WOW-WOWS

The store's advertising has been brightened by some whimsical verses to the kiddies from Robert Watson's versatile pen during November. The occasion was in connection with the "Coming of Santa Claus," a series of verses being published in the dailies telling about his journey from the north pole to H.B.C.

With Santa Claus came a wonderful character born of Mr. Watson's imagination, Jimmy Snow the Eskimo, who sent us messages by a magical golden arrow. There came also an animal band called the Hudson's Bay Wow-Wows—a monkey, a lion, a bear, a dog, a parrot, a cat and "Trainer Bandano, who spanked the piano." These were members of our own store orchestra—Messrs. Hughes, Foster, Garwood, Yarlett, Harrison, Niven and Dickens. Dressed in animal costumes and playing lively music, they were a high success at Toytown's opening. They are performing to great crowds daily.

The idea was unique and made a great hit with the youngsters. Santa Claus, Jimmy Snow the Eskimo, his bow and golden arrows, were all present at Toytown's magnificent opening, November 15th. Never before was there such a crowd at a Hudson's Bay Toytown opening. This augurs well for a successful season.

—

STEREOSCOPIC FASHION SHOW

A stereoscopic fashion showing of Parisian mannequins is arousing much interest in the silk shop this fall. Mr. Farquhar, buyer for silks, woollens and staples, secured an improved stereoscope and the film service which goes with it, on his visit to Paris in the summer.

Every ten days fresh films depicting the latest creations photographed on professional models at the races and society functions in Paris are mailed to the store. They can be viewed through the stereoscope, which enlarges them to life-size proportions. The stereoscope shows every detail of fabric and design. The value of such a service arriving in town but a short time after the release of the newest fashions at their point of origin cannot be underestimated.

McCALL FASHION PANTOMIME

In conjunction with the introduction in the silk shop of McCall printed patterns, a very interesting fashion pantomime was staged early in October.

Monsieur Alphonse Berg, a fashion designer who was appearing at the Orpheum theatre during the week, was in charge of the affair, which drew a great deal of interest. Twice a day he demonstrated the simplicity of McCall patterns by exhibiting dresses, suits, gowns and wraps on living models and then taking the garments apart before the audience.

A quick draping act was also part of the exhibit. Young ladies from the store made very charming models. Those taking part were Misses Allan, Mudridge, Morier, Hall, Budden, P. Anderson and Latham.

The event was a distinct success from an attendance standpoint and from its value in introducing McCall patterns.

ADDITIONAL STORE IMPROVEMENTS

Alterations and improvements go on apace in the old store. Among the latest are the addition of two new display windows along York avenue, bringing the total up to ten. The entire basement floor is being cemented and stock rooms reconstructed, much to the betterment of the *lower regions*. Extensive workrooms, well staffed with busy dressmakers, tailors, upholsterers, drapery workers, etc., occupy the building formerly given over to the fur trade and candy factory. Several of the selling departments have been remodelled, and many are the congratulatory remarks heard from customers who appreciate the changes. We are frequently told that our display windows, with their rich mahogany background and brilliant lighting, are the most attractive in the city.

There once was a fellow named Fisher,
Who, while fishing, fell into a fissure;
Tho' the fissure's been fished for other
    than fish
They're now fishing the fissure for Fisher.

OUR ORCHESTRA

Under the capable direction of Mr. Hughes, of the music department, the store orchestra is building up quite a reputation this winter.

A very enjoyable dance and whist drive was held November 6th in the Oddfellows' Temple, about two hundred of the store personnel and friends being present. Our own orchestra of six pieces provided the music, to the complete enjoyment of the dancers.

W. R. OGSTON

W. R. Ogston, after serving the store in various capacities since 1916—office manager, merchandise manager, and as store manager during the last three years—resigned from the Company's service September 5th. Before leaving, his associates asked his acceptance of a handsomely engraved gold watch and expressed best of wishes for his future success.

In reply, Mr. Ogston thanked the staff for their loyalty and support during his term as manager and expressed the hope that each member would extend the same measure of whole-hearted service and loyalty to the present management as they had evidenced during his tenure of office.

Violet Conley, a popular member of our ready-to-wear department, has been promoted to the post of manager of women's and children's ready-to-wear departments at Saskatoon. Although pleased at her promotion, everyone regrets her going, for Miss Conley's cheerful personality endeared her to all. Saskatoon has gained a willing worker and good sport in all activities that make for the happy store family. Before leaving the store, she was presented with a travelling bag and a gold Eversharp pencil from her associates.

Walter Davison, who held the post of display manager during the past four years, left the Company's employ in September to try his fortune in the States.

Lion Shapero is another old employee who left the store early in October, going to Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

We hear splendid reports from all sides on Robert Watson's new novel, "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon." Our editor's latest effort, according to the reviewers, is his very best.

Helen McPhee, who served the Company here for about twelve years, left us on Sept. 4th to accept a position with Gordon-Drysdale Co. of Vancouver. Before leaving, she was presented with a club bag by her associates.

S. Turney, of the drapery workrooms, after suffering severely for about six months, has passed from us at the age of 39 years. He was with the Company at two different periods during the last ten years and also served three years overseas. A conscientious workman was the tribute paid by his fellow associates. He leaves a widow, to whom we extend our sympathy.

J. H. Pearon has been elected president of the Employees' Welfare association to succeed W. R. Ogston. The association has been popular ever since its organization in 1917 and has proved a real help to many.

Levi Ducheneau had a narrow escape when knocked down by an auto while going home from work. Three fractured ribs necessitated five weeks' absence, but we are glad to see he ss back on duty agian.

—

SPORTS

With the freeze-up, thoughts are turning toward the *roarin' game*, to wit, curling. Plans are under way to form a four-rink league in the store, and, with the lessened number of plays, it is expected that the brand of curling will be much stronger this year.

Golf—With snow and ice around and bitter winds blowing it seems inconsistent to write about golf, but we must report the final in the store's competition which took place after the last *Beaver* went to press. Finalists were W. Davison, (handicap 18), T. F. Reith (scratch), and after a dour struggle Davison won by 2 up and 1 to play.

Scores were, Reith 84, Davison 97, and spectators witnessed some fine play, Davison especially playing his best game of the season. On several occasions luck played a helping hand. A dead stymie gave him the eighth hole, after Reith had practically won it. Again, at the fourteenth, with Reith lying near the hole in four and sure of a par 5, Davison sunk a forty-foot approach for a 6, to halve the hole with his stroke advantage.

Chief Accountant's Office

We welcome Miss F. W. Clarke, who comes to us by transfer from the land department, taking the place of Miss D. Moulder, resigned. Miss D. Moulder has gone to join her parents at Kamloops, her father, M. J. Moulder, having been appointed accountant at that point.

H.B.C. WINNIPEG FOOTBALLERS

Left to right—

D. Thompson, J. McDill, R. Murray, J. B. Dangerfield, Joe McDill, R. Watson, A. B. Cumming, A. Thompson, G. Niven, J. Allen, R. Kane.

Above team met the team of Osler, Hammond & Nanton (winners of the Winnipeg Financial League) at the Stadium, on October 18, and played them to a draw, two goals each.

Winnipeg Wholesale

E. H. Hughes, manager of wholesale tea and coffee departments, made his semi-annual western business trip in October and reported good business. Mr. Hughes, as a member of the Assiniboine Club, has been very successful in lawn bowling this year. He was a representative of Winnipeg in the Dominion rink tournament at Brandon and his rink won the Brandon cup. At the Beachside tournament in September Mr. Hughes captured the single championship and won second prize in the rink events.

—

Wanted, present address of W. Watson, late of Winnipeg wholesale, who went out to the Great West some months ago. Friends at the wholesale are enquiring for news.

Among other changes in the staff, we have J. K. Reid, lately one of our ambassadors of commerce, now officiating as assistant to Mr. Poitras, and Andy Bruce, of the candy factory, now at the city order desk.

We welcome Alex. Officer to the office staff. "Big Alex," at the time of writing, looks very much at home.

The sympathies of the staff are extended to W. Pearson in his recent sad bereavement.

General

TENNIS

The Hudson's Bay tennis club has just terminated a very successful season, although the final of the mixed doubles was played in a snowstorm. The results are as follows:

Ladies' Singles—L. Bowdler (associate member).

Ladies' Doubles—Ida Fenwick (retail) and Myrtle Bigelow (fur).

Mixed Doubles—Miss O. Hartley (associate) and L. G. Thompson (land).

Men's Singles—Geo. Bowdler (retail).

Men's Doubles—J. Hood and W. Wyllie (associates).

DOREEN WATSON

Just as *The Beaver* is ready for press we have received the sad news of the death of Doreen Hester Watson, only daughter of Robert Watson, the editor. She was recovering satisfactorily from an illness but a sudden heart attack proved fatal during the night of November 21st.

This little girl was a favourite with all of us, and especially at our staff parties, where her spirited Scottish dancing was a popular feature on more than one occasion.

Readers of *The Beaver* who only know Mr. Watson by name will join with the staff at Vernon, Saskatoon and Winnipeg who have the privilege of knowing him personally in feeling the deepest sympathy for Mr. and Mrs. Watson and their son.—*W. S. Lecky*.

JOINT SOCIAL GATHERING

The first joint social gathering this season of the various Winnipeg staffs of the Company was held in the Marlborough Hotel on Wednesday, 26th November. The entertainment consisted of dancing and a whist drive. There was a large attendance of staff members and friends, including many old-timers of all branches of the service. The arrangements were carried through without a hitch and the time proved all too short. The inquiry now is, "When is the next?"

Land Department

The members of the staff of the land department at Winnipeg extend Christmas and new year greetings to those in all other branches of the service.

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LAND DEPARTMENT CONCERT PARTY

We are pleased to hear that the land department concert party has organized again this season. We understand from A. E. Bridgwater, who directed the pierrots last year, that they intend to produce a musical comedy during the winter.

Date will be announced later. Rehearsals are in full swing, and it is rumoured that we may expect something good. The troupe has been strengthened by several new members. The cast is made up as follows: Misses Henderson, Peters, Irwin, Ogston, Griffiths and Cooke; Messrs. B. A. Everitt, W. E. Everitt, Almond, McQuiston and Headlam. The comedy is being written and produced by A. E. Bridgwater. The work attached to this and the time given by members of the cast are quite an undertaking and we therefore hope everyone will support it.

Our Contributors

NO. 2—JIMMIE

Evelyn Arkless, who writes under the pseudonym of "Jimmy," is a young member of the Winnipeg Land Department, and one of The Beaver's few lady contributors. A cartoonist who gets you in one stroke, a versifier and a humorous prose writer, versatality is her middle name.

NEW SKATING RINK

Rapid progress is being made on the construction of a handsome new skating rink for the Winnipeg skating club, close to the Fort Garry hotel, on the Company's property between Broadway and Assiniboine avenues. The site for the rink was recently purchased from the Company and overlooks the site of the old official residence on Smith street formerly occupied by the late Commissioners Graham, Wrigley and Chipman. The official residence is now occupied as Winnipeg headquarters for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. This new rink will be fully modern in every respect and very conveniently located.

This development is stimulating new interest in badminton, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that a badminton club will be organized and perhaps quarters erected for this class of sport and activity somewhere in the vicinity of the new skating rink.

Fur Trade

Men of the fur trade! It is impossible for the editor to get at you quickly by mail to remind you when we go to press and that we require news, stories, articles, verse and photographs all the time for "The Beaver." Please note we go to press February 18th, May 18th, August 18th and November 18th. Claim your rightful space in "The Beaver" columns by sending in the material you like to see in your magazine. Not all we get goes into print, we admit, but it is only what you send us that does go in.—The Editor.

General

The following is an extract from a letter of appreciation received at Winnipeg from Major B. D. Hobbs, R.C.A.F., Victoria Beach, Manitoba, after his government survey flight last summer:

"The flight has been completed most successfully; and a great deal of the success was due to the assistance rendered by post managers at the various places. In every case they were most kind; and I take this opportunity to thank you, and through you those others whom we had occasion to trouble, for the kindly interest and co-operation shown throughout.

Yours very truly, (signed) B. D. Hobbs, Squadron Leader, Commanding Royal Canadian Air Force Station, Victoria Beach, Manitoba.

It is with much regret we learn of the death of Rev. Dr. E. J. Peck in September last. Dr. Peck laboured for over forty years among the Eskimos in the far northern regions. He did a great deal of wonderful work there, and during the last few years became blind as a result of the terrible hardships and privations he had endured. With the passing of Dr. Peck the world has lost another of those great men who do their duty with quietness and modesty.

Edward Heron, of Fort Rae, made a trip to Winnipeg in August in connection with his requisitions.

C. A. Walker, of Grouard, and H. Gallagher, of Wabasca, also visited Winnipeg August 20th to select their supplies.

Mrs. Keddie, formerly Kitty Wilson, of the Montreal office, paid a visit to Winnipeg in the month of August.

N. O. T. Griffith, of Mattice, paid a short visit to Winnipeg on private business August 21st.

Leslie Laing, of La Sarre post, visited Winnipeg August 23rd. He was married at Shoal Lake August 28th, and the honeymoon included a trip to Prince Rupert. Mr. and Mrs. Laing left Winnipeg to return to the post on September 13th.

L. Romanet and John Melvin arrived in Winnipeg August 25th. Both have now returned to Athabasca district.

At a fire which occurred at Ogoki post August 25th, Clerk G. M. Innes was very severely burned. He was brought into Winnipeg and remained in the General Hospital for some weeks, being finally discharged on November 7th. He has now recovered sufficiently to visit the office, but is still under medical care.

H. W. McDonald, of Chesterfield inlet, is "out" from Nelson river on leave of absence. He came in with James Stewart, mate of the schooner *Chesterfield*, and they brought along with them an Eskimo, "Tommy," who had broken his arm a year previously and came in to have it reset. "Tommy" was well taken care of at St. Boniface hospital, and is now waiting at the mission house at The Pas to be taken back to his home at the first opportunity.

It is with great regret we announce the sudden death on September 1st of Mrs. J. J. Louttit, of Chipewyan.

R. A. Talbot, formerly post manager at Norway House, has retired temporarily from the Company's service.

A. H. Snow, of Nelson river district, is out on leave of absence.

E. A. (Dolly) Ross has retired from the Company's service, and her place is now being filled by Miss Traquier.

Harriet Stewart, of Keewatin district office, has also severed her connection with the Company. Her position has been filled by Marion Ross, who was transferred from the F.T.C.O.

We were very pleased to see Miss Shearer, of the depot-fur trade, back again at her desk after her recent long illness.

C. C. Sinclair, formerly district manager of Athabasca district, has now been transferred to head office, where he assumes charge of the cash fur purchasing department covering the territory Winnipeg and west to Edmonton.

Louis Romanet now takes charge of both McKenzie river and Athabasca districts, and also the northern transportation system.

The F.T.C.O. has been augmented by the addition of J. H. Cattley, of the accounting department.

All H.B.C. employees who knew her will be extremely sorry to hear of the death at The Pas of Mrs. Wilson, widow of J. A. Wilson, who spent many years at "Gulf" and Labrador posts.

S. M. Walker, formerly in charge of Montreal agency, has now retired on pension. He paid the fur trade head office a visit early in October on his way to the coast.

F. H. Aldous, of Lac Seul post, spent a few days in Winnipeg during the month of October.

The captain, mate and engineer of the *Fort York*, together with E. B. Shelton,

A. H. Snow and C. Harding, came out from Nelson river district this fall, arriving in Winnipeg October 15th.

Christy Harding was married on October 16th to Miss Dobson, of London, England. A fortnight's honeymoon was spent in California, whence the happy pair returned early in November. Mr. Harding left for York factory November 21st.

J. D. McKenzie, Geo. Ray, C. H. French and Fred Dykes all visited the head office during the month of October.

C. T. Christie is now enjoying one year's leave of absence, after thirty-nine years continuous service with the Company, at the end of which he will retire on pension.

B. F. Wolz has returned to his desk in Saskatchewan district office after several weeks' sickness in hospital.

The fur trade commissioner paid a business visit to Edmonton recently. He is now on a trip of inspection of the principal line posts in Lake Superior and Lake Huron districts.

❧

To a Third Engineer

When the last crank and crosshead's been
tightened,
And the third engineer laid to rest,
And his tools are all rusted and broken,
Divide what you think are the best.

No rods to swing, no gear to sling,
No bottom-ends to tighten.
No glands to pack, no nuts to slack,
No firemen to frighten.

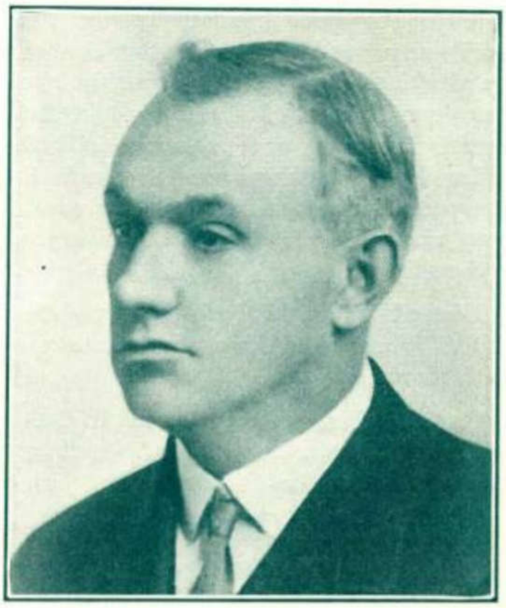
But on that bright and happy shore
Beyond this vale of tears,
Where the seconds cease from troubling,
Where are no chief engineers.

No red-hot cranks or second's pranks
Will there the third annoy;
In robes of white, a shining light,
Somebody's fair-haired boy.

So leave him alone in "God's Acre."
He died in his own beliefs—
That Heaven's reserved for the juniors
And hell's set apart for the "chiefs."

—*Anon.*

Our Contributors



NO. 3—CHAS. H. M. GORDON

C. H. M. Gordon is a long service member of the Fur Trade staff, and now located at Fort Alexander. He has always been a faithful supporter of *The Beaver* in the manner that counts—the regular contributing of interesting material and photographs.

The following special articles have appeared from his pen:

September 1921, Description of Cross Lake Post.

March 1923, A Retrospect.

March 1923, Peetawabinoo, the Ill-fated.

June 1923, Whale Hunting in James Bay.

October 1923, Sailing a Hoodoo Ship in James Bay.

December 1923, Christmas Forty Years Ago.

Another of his "Cree Indian Legends" will appear in next issue of *The Beaver.*

It is through the unselfish efforts of such gentlemen as Mr. Gordon, Mr. French, and others whom we hope to name from time to time, that *The Beaver* stands so high on the American continent as a house magazine.

THE LATE JOHN ISERHOFF (B)

John Iserhoff began his long service career at Woswonaby post in the Rupert's River district, serving in his time under the following commissioned officers: Joseph Gladman, Bernard Ross, Jas. S. Clouston, George S. McTavish, S. K. Parson, James L. Cotter, D. C. McTavish, James Vincent, and W. K. Broughton. When I first met Mr. Iserhoff in 1880, he was stationed at Woswonaby, acting as canoe-builder, interpreter, summer transport guide and winter packeter, and all these various duties he performed with much efficiency. Being in charge of the summer transport brigade composed of six canoes with thirty-six men was no sinecure in those days, as the journey was a long one of about fifty days' duration for the round trip, and the rations were strictly limited in quantity, so that when spells of bad weather occurred the men had to depend very largely on the fishing nets with which they were provided in order to eke out the scanty rations. Yet Iserhoff, during his career at this work, was never known to broach cargo, no matter how sorely tempted. During this period he conveyed the annual winter packet to Rupert's House, a round trip of about 500 miles, hauling his own sled and sleeping in an open barricade at night, as the modern travelling accessories of dogs, tents and camp stoves had not then been dreamt of in that country. The trip meant straight slogging on snowshoes, hauling a toboggan weighted anything up to 200 pounds.

About 1889 he was transferred to Rupert's House as canoe-builder and, as at that time birch bark was becoming increasingly difficult to procure, it devolved on him to experiment with other materials in the construction of the thirty-foot transport canoes, which have a cargo capacity of 3600 pounds. Finally No. O cotton canvas was selected, and this proved not only a success but an improvement on birch bark, which could only be manipulated in warm weather. While serving at Rupert's House he was successively canoe-builder, steward and storekeeper, and about 1893 was promoted in charge of Eastmain post, at that time an outpost of Rupert's House. In 1902 he was transferred to New Post on the Abitibi river for a short time, subsequently going back to take charge of Woswonaby post, where he continued to give very satisfactory results until his retirement from the service about 1915. He settled at Bell river for a few years and latterly made his home at Missanabie.

John Iserhoff exemplified all that is best in the native character. His lack of education was more than compensated for by his natural ability as a trader, his tact, and his reliability at all times, and especially so in times of difficulty which are so apt to recur at isolated trading posts throughout the country. He was as highly respected by the Indians as by all those under whose supervision he worked so long, and the fur trade service is always the poorer by the passing of this type of loyal servant.—*A. Nicolson, Victoria.*

B.C. District

MISSIONARIES

Rev. F. Thorman and Mrs. Thorman

We in British Columbia district are always delighted to do our best to help missionaries of all denominations who are sent to minister to the wants of natives or whites living adjacent to our posts.

Rev. F. Thorman and Mrs. Thorman are two of those whom we have had pleasant dealings with. They have recently left Telegraph Creek, B.C., for their old home in England, where Mr. Thorman is to take over his father's living. We wish them joy and success in their new sphere.

The Rev. Hodgson relieves Rev. F. Thorman. Rev. Hodgson is lately of the Canadian navy, and was commander of the *Algeria* for a considerable time. Apparently he is an expert at handling young men who need fatherly advice and the guidance of a strong hand. He is well schooled in athletics and we will be greatly surprised if he does not prove to be the right man in the right place.

Best of luck and our whole-hearted support goes out to him.

* * *

Fishin'

Supposin' fish don't bite at first,
What are you going to do?
Throw down your pole, chuck out your bait
An' say your fishin's through?

You bet you ain't; you're goin' to fish,
An' fish, an' fish, an' wait
Until you've ketched a bucketful
Or used up all your bait.

Suppose success don't come at first,
What are you goin' to do?
Throw up the sponge and kick yourself,
An' growl, an' fret an' stew?

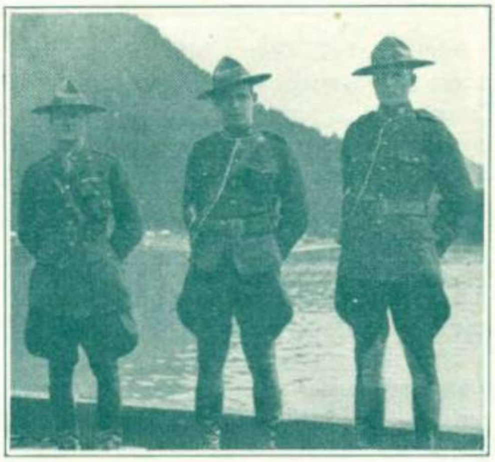
You bet you ain't; you're goin' to fish,
An' bait, an' bait ag'in,
Until success will bite your hook,
For grit is sure to win.

—*Anonymous.*

* * *

Liard Post

On July 19th there arrived at Liard post, B.C., a mounted police patrol, the first since 1898. The patrol consisted of Inspector T. V. Sandy Mursch, the well-known rifle and revolver shot, who was a member of Canada's 1923 Bisley team, Constable Neville and Constable Martin.



Inspector Mursch killed a large bull moose with one shot at a distance of 800 yards. The Indians who work on H.B.C. inland transport have named him "*Chief Meat in the Pot.*" Constable Martin's name, "*Worth $30.00 in Winter,*" caused great merriment among the Indians.

* * *

Fort Good Hope

FLYING MOOSE

When I was stationed at Fort Providence on the Mackenzie river, Ed. Heron and myself planned a little canoe trip as a diversion to the everyday monotony. We started out and, about six o'clock one morning, in fine weather and a fair wind, with sail hoisted, we were moving along very nicely, when my companion cautioned me to be quiet and pointed ahead. He whispered, "Moose on the shore!"

We dropped sail and immediately drifted down, going close to land, thus losing sight of our quarry for a time. We put ashore very quietly, lifting the canoe clear out of the water so as not to make any noise. We took off our shoes and stealthily crawled along the edge of the river bank, when suddenly the *moose* flapped their glad wings and flew away. Our herd of *moose* was a flock of cranes which certainly did look like moose in the distance.

We continued our journey sorely disappointed, for we had a momentary vision of a great reception at Simpson with our moose in tow.—*E. R. Gowen.*

Angels at Ile a la Crosse

On August 5th, a beautiful morning, we had the agreeable surprise of seeing a seaplane hovering over the village and coming down gracefully to the beach in front of the Hudson's Bay Company's post. It was the government seaplane "E.T.," with the well-known Major Hobbs in command, Mr. Spencer as guide, a photographer and the engineer.

The aviators were invited for lunch at the fort. After a good rest they took their supply of gasoline (90 gallons) and at 4 p.m. took off from Ile a la Crosse lake for Prince Albert, where Major Hobbs expected to arrive in time for supper.

Paddling through the Grand Rapids is hard when one sees these birds flying at a hundred miles an hour.

This is the first aeroplane to reach Ile a la Crosse, and the surprise amongst the natives was intense. As soon as the seaplane came around, the noise of the motor scared them greatly. Running from one house to another, the whole village was soon outside looking around for that noise. All at once, the old "Gerard," crippled with rheumatism, took his wife, Jack Fish, by the arm and, pointing to the great black spot in the sky, cried, "Look! Something will happen; surely that big noise (the seaplane was coming closer) is God's voice. This is the end of the world. He is coming for the last judgment. What will be our punishment? We'll sure go to hell, for God knows I have debts at Revillons, and debt with the Company! Quick, Jack Fish, go and pick berries and square up with the Company's 'ogema' anyway. Good bye, my love! He is coming! He is right on my neck!"—*J. A. Thomas.*

Maiden Trip of the Lac du Brochet

Great excitement prevailed at South Deer lake this winter when the newest of the fur trade fleet, the schooner *Lac du Brochet*, arrived from Prince Albert.

On June 7th, 1924, the good ship left her ways from her winter cradle and took the water successfully. James M. Cumines, manager of the Lac du Brochet post, T. McEwan, then in charge of South Deer lake, Wm. Brown, of Brochet, and a few natives, made up the launching crew. The schooner was then docked and fully rigged. There was a delay of ten days, owing to large ice floes, and it was not until the 18th that she weighed anchor and left under engine power on her maiden trip with eight tons of cargo. Heavy weather was encountered; strong head winds, ice floes and fogs. Two days were lost on this account; therefore it was the 22nd of June when she arrived at the north end of the lake, having made the trip under engine power in 20 hours actual travelling, a distance of 150 miles. This was considered by all a very good trip.

The schooner is manned by a crew of three—engineer, Jas. M. Cumines, manager, Lac du Brochet; Henry Thomas as pilot; and, owing to the many rock reefs in Reindeer lake, it is necessary to have a lookout, so J. M. Mirasty fills the position. The pilot and lookout have handled the old York boat transport and know the waters of Reindeer lake.

A trip for freight has been made in three days with the new schooner. When one looks up the old journals he finds that it has taken as long as sixteen days to make the trip, the old boat having had to wait for fine weather.—*J. M. Cumines.*

God's Lake, Man.

God's Lake is getting civilized; white population has increased this year till it numbers five. Only a few years ago, H.B.C. managers were batching here—not even a cat to cheer 'em up. Now, in addition to white population, a three-valve radiophone set has been installed. which, after a year of refusing to work, has settled down to make up lost time. We have picked up: east, New York, Albany, The Moine; west and south, Cleveland, Chicago, The Night Hawks (Kansas City), Omaha, Nightingales (Denver), Los Angeles; and in Canada, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Calgary, Regina, Edmonton.

This is one freeze-up when God's Lake will not be deprived of the latest news.—*Karl Bayly.*

Grand Rapids

(Keewatin District)

TREATY TIME AT L. G. R.

H. O. La Tulippe, Indian agent, arrived here on July 19th at 9 p.m. and *treaty* was paid immediately on the reserve one mile from the fort. Two of the R.C.M.P. accompanied the treaty party.

Service was held on Sunday by Rev. Jno. W. Niddrie, of Berens river, and the staff of the H.B.C. faithfully attended. While the service was in progress, a seaplane arrived from Victoria Beach. Mr. Niddrie had his work cut out to control the congregation, who were all excitement, as the plane circled around.

On Monday morning the agent left for Deer lake, Rev. J. W. Niddrie for Berens river and on Wednesday R.C.M.P. for Blood Vein, leaving L. G. R. as per usual, quiet and dreary.—*D. Paterson.*

Bersimis Post

J. L. GAUDET—THIRTY YEARS' SERVICE

J. L. Gaudet, who is presently in charge of Bersimis post, St. Lawrence-Labrador district, has just been presented with the H.B.C. gold medal for thirty years' faithful service.

Mr. Gaudet entered the service in 1894. He acted in the capacity of clerk and later of manager of Fort Good Hope post, McKenzie River district, where he remained for fifteen years without coming out to civilization. In 1915 he was appointed to the charge of Fort Alexander, Keewatin district, and in 1919 was made post manager of Moose factory, James Bay district. In 1921 he took charge of Bersimis post, Before coming to the last mentioned post, Mr. Gaudet joined the list of benedicts and is now the proud father of a son nineteen months old.—*Angus Milne.*

THE BEAVERS, H.B.C. WINNIPEG RETAIL GIRLS' BASEBALL TEAM

Back—R. MacLeod, M. Cook, D. Thompson, E. Mackenzie, G. Foster. Centre—H. Cook, M. Mackenzie, L. Bowdler, E. Gauer, K. Cole, F. Battley. Front—M. Wimble, M. Ferguson.

This team has had a very successful season, taking second place in the league. They have had some exciting games with "The Tigerettes" and they are the only aggregation in the league to beat "The Ramblers," who have played together for three years and had won 38 straight games when defeated by "The Beavers."

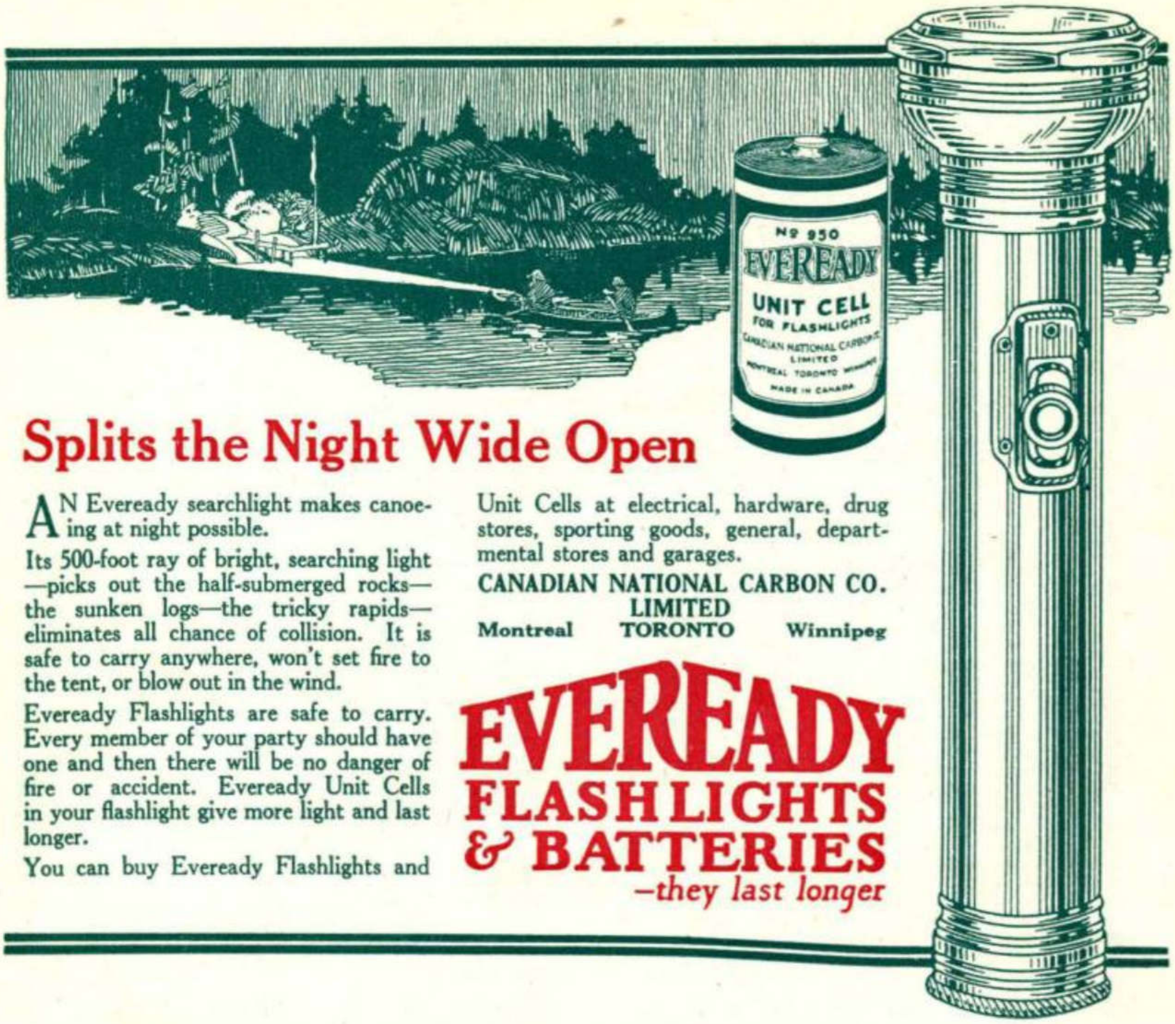
In Honour of All Men of the Hudson's Bay Company Who Enlisted and Took Part in the Great War and in Memory of Those of Them Who Died in the Service of their Country

1914-1919

Abbott, George L.
Adams, H. M. V.
Anderson, Alex.
Anderson, Ernest L.
Anderson, W.
Anscomb, Bute
*Armstrong, J.
Austin, A.
Austin, D. W.
Avery, Richard E.
Bailey, Chas. Albert
Baker, Henry P.
Barker, J. G.
*Beak, W. J.
Beatty, Arthur
Beatty, J.
Belcher, H. L.
Benger, A. W.
Bennion, H. C.
Bevington, Ernest J.
Beynes, N. E.
Birtles, E. G.
Black, W.
Blackhall, J. S.
*Blackie, A. F.
Blake, W. J.
*Bland, P. C.
*Booth, T.
Bozson, Walter
Brabant, Frank E.
Bradley, G. H.
Brewer, H. W.
Brock, Arthur
Browne, Hugh H.
Brown, Jas.
Brown, R. A.
Burbidge, Septimus
*Bundey, A. A.
Butler, Fesnard C.
Byweell, Charles
*Carswell, Wm. F.
Carter, E.
Caslake, S. D.
Chalmers, A. M.
*Chatterton, W. E.
Chiverton, Fred
Child, A. J.
Christie, J.
Clarke, Sedley B.
*Coleman, C. J.
Conacher, J. D.
Cook, J. W.
Coote, L.
Coulter, D.
*Cowper, G. B.
Cracknell, F.
Croft, T.
Cunningham, R. A.
Cumming, A. B.
Currie, Wm. H.
Davis, Douglas J.
Davis, E. O.
Davis, Stanley G.
Davis, W.
Debenham, D.
Delaney, J. C.
*Doe, F. H.
Douglas, Robert
Douglas, Albert
Drennan, W.
Drew, J. R.
Duffield, C.
Edwards, Garfield
Ellis, T.
Fairs, S. E.
Ferguson, A.
Ferrier, Wm. Moir
Fildes, Geo. C.
Finnson, Norman
Fish, John
Fleming, Ernest W.
Floyd, E.
Forbes, J. D. J.
*Fordyce, Andrew J.
*Foster, J.
Fowles, F.
Fox, R.
Frayer, Lauren W.
Gant, Herbert R. P.
Gerratt, J. C.
*Gell, E.
Georgenson, A. G.
Gillies, Torquetil
Gordon, E.
Gordon, Eric
Gordon, E. O.
*Gorman, W. J. K.
Griffin, C.
Grogan, W.
Grosvenor, M.
Haight, Harold E.
*Haight, G.
Haight, E. J.
Halliwell, A. P.
Hall, J. C.
Hamilton, C. R.
Hammett, Thomas
Hardie, A.
Hardy, Archibald
Harland, A.
Harman, H. F.
Harrison, Geo. H.
Harthan, E. B.
Harvey, Gordon
Headley, N. H.
Heath, F. E.
Heath, Herbert
Herbert, Ernest
Herbert, Leonard
Hermann, C. E.
Hill, C. T.
Hodkisson, H. A. A.
Hodgkinson, S.
Hodgkins, H.
Hodgson, A. B.
Holliday, H. E.
Horspool, Wm. W.
Howland, Norman A.
Hutchinson, R. H.
Ingleson, H.
Jackson, Charles F.
Jennings, G. F. W.
Johnson, C.
Jones, D.
*Jones, H. S.
Joyce, J. B.
Keele, A. H.
Kingshott, William
Kitchen, J.
Lane, W.
Laroque, Jas. Jos.
Leaney, Reggie H.
Learmonth, D. H.
Learmonth, L. A.
Ledingham, John
*Lester, W.
Lewis, H.
*Lewis, W. A.
Little, Lauren R.
*Lloyd, G.
Lockey, Geo.
Logan, H.
Love, William
*Lyon, B.
Mack, G. E.
*Maclean, E. L.
Macphee, W. S.
MacVicar, J.
Marsden, T.
Masters, H. G.
Mathews, H. M.
Maycock, L. B.
May, Fred
McAndrews, John
McAra, M. J. A.
McBain, Thomas C.
McCarthy, D. J.
McClure, A. B.
McCreadie, S.
McDermott, John
*McDermott, Larry
*McDonald, D.
McDonald, V. M.
McGregor, R. C.
*McGinnis, P.
*McKeller, D. R.
McKenzie, James
McKenzie, John
McKenzie, K. N. B.
McKinley, A. R.
*McLean, C. S.
*McLennan, George
McLeod, Fred
McLeod, John Alex.
McLeod, Patrick B.
McMillan, Herbert F.
McPhie, A.
McPhee, A. J.
Meadows, Geo. D.
Melven, J.
Metcalf, J. W.
Miller, T.
Mills, Julian A.
*Milne, W.
*Mitchel, A. S.
Mitchel, Geo.
Montgomery, J. B.
Morton, Lewis R.
*Murphy, F.
Naylor, D.
Neill, J.
Nicholson, F.
O'Brien, John
*Page, L.
Parker, Harold
Parker, W. R.
Palmer, H. J.
Patridge, Sidney H.
Petty, H. N.
Penwarden, J.
Phillips, Albert
Phillips, Geo. L.
Powell, F.
Pugsley, E. U.
Reeve, F. R.
Renouf, Ernest
Reynolds, A. B.
Reynolds, A. C. F.
Ridley, Stanley D.
Ritchie, W. M.
Richards, J. W.
Richardson, F. C. G.
Richmond, J. W.
Rines, L.
*Risbridger, H. G.
Ryall, S. G.
Ryder, A. S.
Roberts, R. W.
Roberts, George
*Robertson, John
Robinson, A. H.
Robinson, W.
Roche, F. C.
Rome, J. R.
Ronan, Alder
Roper, E.
Rose, Benjamin J.
Ross, J.
*Salter, A. S.
Scalanlan, Horace F.
Scorer, R. R.
Scott, J.
Seal, J. K.
Sewell, P. E. H.
Shindler, A. Van G.
Sim, E.
Sinclair, Magnus
Skeel, Jorgen
Skuce, K. C.
Smith, Peter G.
Speed, R. C.
*Speight, Arthur N.
Sprague, E. A.
Stedham, Arthur V.
Stone, R. R.
Swain, W.
Swaffield, Wilfred
*Swanson, J.
Thompson, W. L.
Thompson, W.
Tittle, F. T.
Treadwell, H. W.
Turner, F. G.
Turner, S.
Twyford, Hugh A. W.
Vindent, L.
Wedlock, G.
Wellstead, Roy P.
*Westerberg, N.
Weston, W.
Wheildon, R. S.
Wilkinson, Thomas
Williamson, H. B.
Will, W. B.
Wilmot, J. H. A.
Wilson, C. G.
Wilson, Fred A.
Wilson, W.
Winslow, Douglas W.
Witteridge, W. H.
Woolison, H. L.
Woolison, J. G.
*Worrall, J.
Younger, D.
Young, J. W.

*Died in his country's service.

As it is the Company's desire to have this list complete, advice of any errors or omissions will be greatly appreciated at The Beaver office.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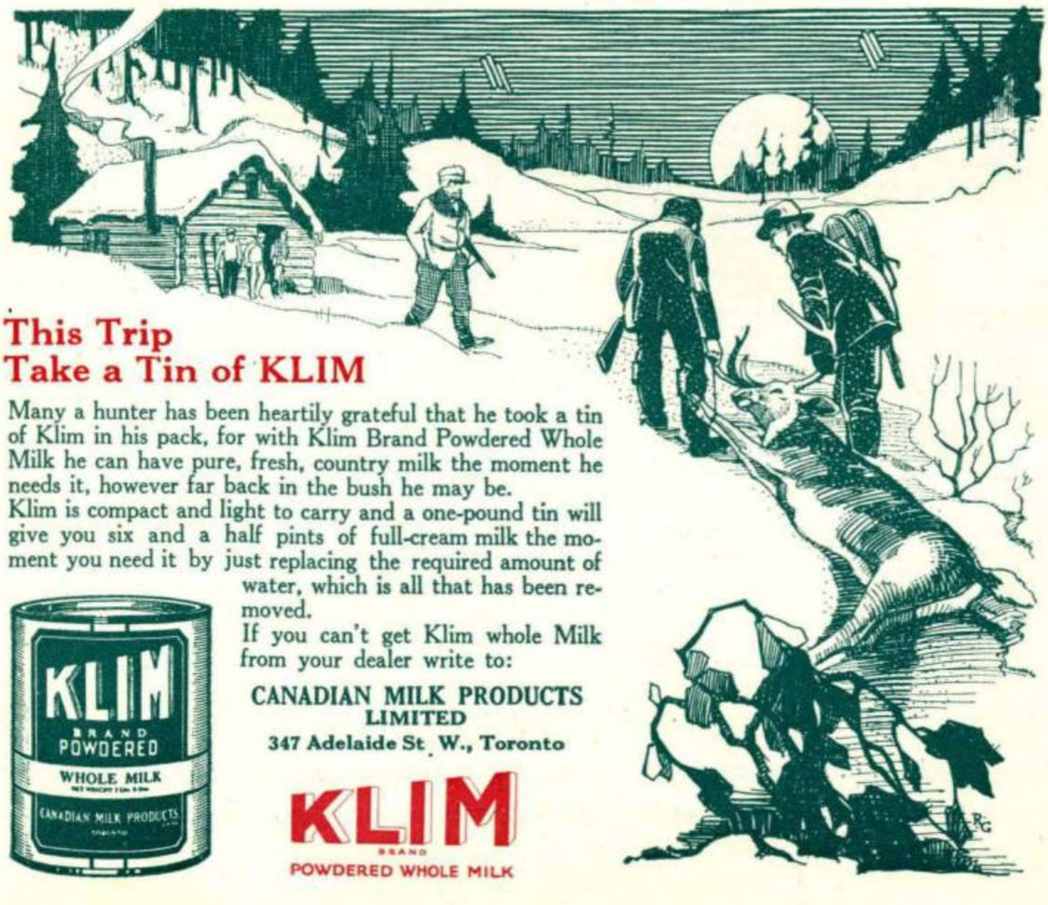
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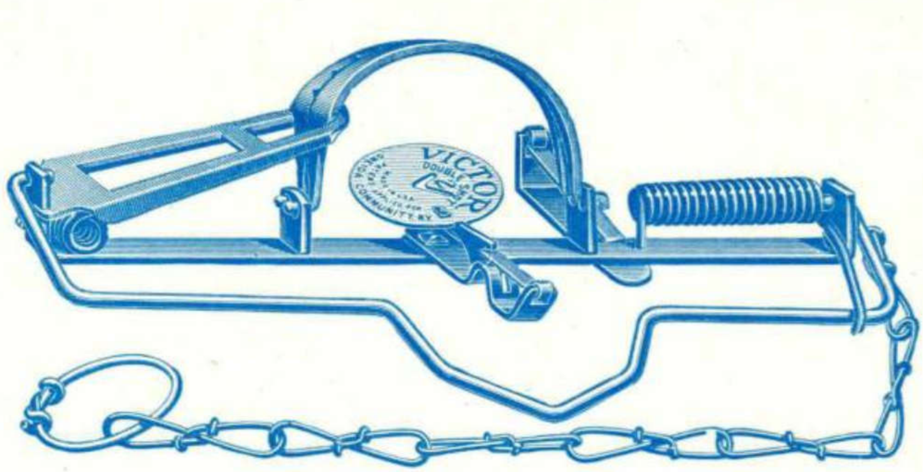

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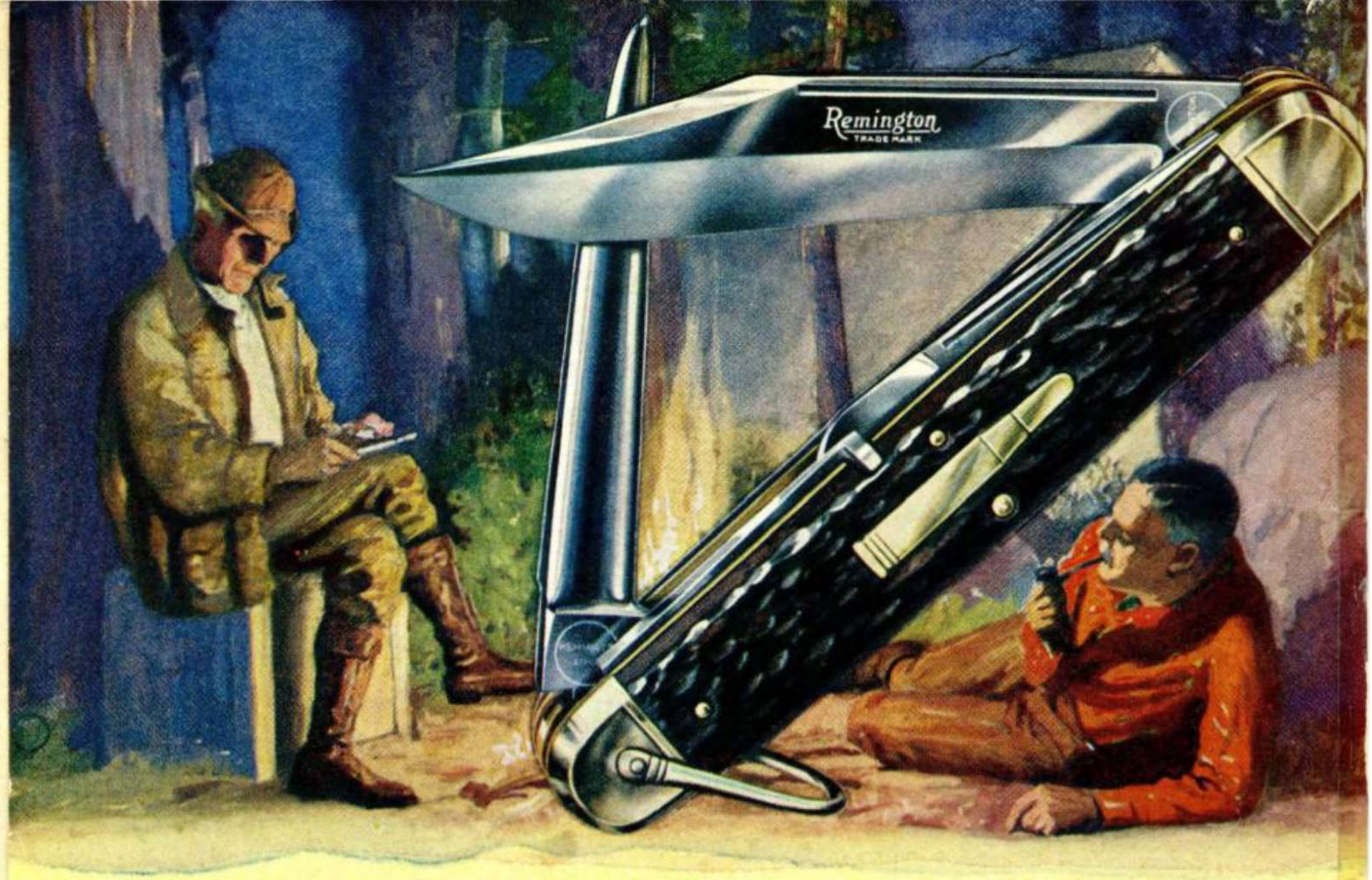

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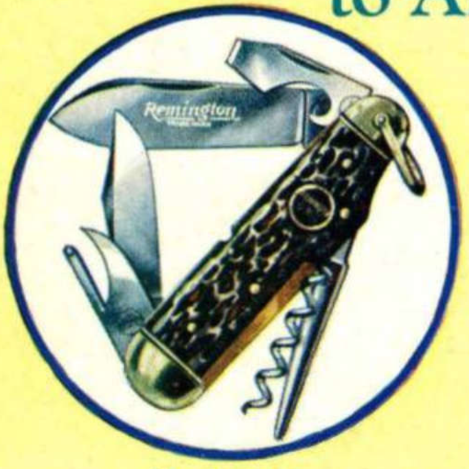

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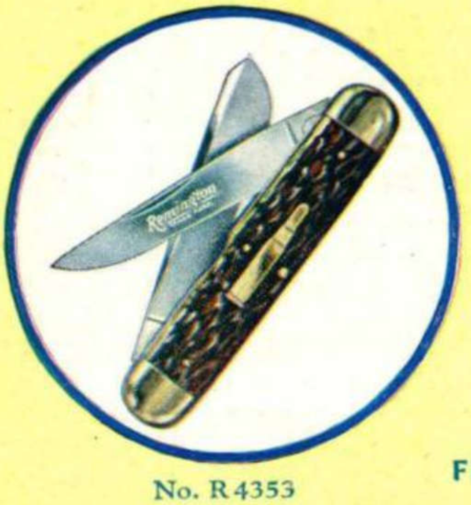

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